The Universalist Leader

A Journal of Tomorrow

On Earth, Peace

CHRISTMAS is the symbol of God in life. It witnesses an Eternal process, not simply a historic fact. God in life, coming down the shining ways to every cradle, in palace or hovel. Our unpardoned sin does not consist in denying Jesus his sonship, but in denying other children their divine birthright.

The penalty of this denial is to go up and down the world crying "Peace," when there is no Peace. There might have been peace on earth nineteen hundred years ago. It needed only good-will in man. It still needs that. If in your heart this Christmas-tide there is ill will toward any child of God, you are keeping peace out of life, you are denying the Christ that is yet to be. If in your heart there is good will, you are a peace bringer, you are a saver of the world.

Christmas Number, 1921

The Universalist Leader

Continuing the CHRISTIAN LEADER and its predecessors (1819-1897), the UNIVERSALIST and its predecessors (1827 to 1897), and the GOSPEL BANNER (1835 to 1897).

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Μιγμα

A fuller statement would be welcome in regard to the measures taken in foreign countries for the release of prisoners held for war-time offenses. Mention was made the other day at Washington of an investigation made for President Harding which showed that in no country have prisoners convicted of such offenses been released, amnesty applying only to prisoners held on suspicion. This is so contradictory to much news which has been published that a concise summary of the facts, if they are available, would be of value. (*Springfield Republican.*)

υ λ

Our faith is that the Washington Conference is as different from the Paris Peace Conference as white is from black. The swords of the nations represented in Washington are not dripping with the blood of war; they are not even unsheathed. The war psychology has melted under the bright light of Armistice Day. Good will! We have it everywhere in Washington. It is indeed, as said by Kant, "the only jewel that shines by its own light," and it is here. (*Advocate of Peace.*)

υ λ

Marshal Foch is not a total abstainer. He comes from a country in which the making of wine is a leading national enterprise, and the drinking of it a universal and virtually unopposed custom. Yet it is announced on his arrival on the shores of America that while in America he will get along without the wine which is customary with his daily meal in France. This announcement is due to sheer courtesy rather than to any conscientious scruple. But in this act of courtesy the great soldier has set a good example for many other international visitors who are in our country at this time. (*Christian Century.*)

υ λ

No nation can be asked to strip itself of all defense—that is beyond the bounds of reason; but the system of competitive armament has nothing to sustain it except the incompetency of statesmanship. Most wars are made by politicians engaged in capitalizing race prejudices and international rivalries for their own advantage. Wars that spring from the people themselves are few, indeed; and most of the money that is now spent in preparing for another war among the white races is doubly wasted. If there is such a war during the lifetime of the next generation, on a scale squal to that of the recent war, it makes no difference who triumphs or who is defeated. Victor and vanquished alike will perish in the ruins of the civilization that they have destroyed. (*Frank I. Cobb, of the New York World.*)

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ESSENTIAL PRINCIPLES OF THE UNIVERSALIST FAITH

1. The Universal Fatherhood of God.
2. The Spiritual Authority and leadership of His Son, Jesus Christ.
3. The trustworthiness of the Bible as containing a revelation from God.
4. The certainty of just retribution for sin.
5. The final harmony of all souls with God.

Neither this nor any other precise form of words is required as a condition of fellowship, provided the abo e principles be professed.

Editorial

Men die for vanity as well as for virtue.

* *

Think not to tempt the Lord by pledges made in prayer.

* *

To find a friend and keep a friend is the biggest luck in life.

* *

The rich can find many compensations in other people's poverty.

* *

Peace on earth will never come until there is room for Christ in the inn of your heart.

* *

Alas for our dreams! when we are rich enough to get what we want, we want something else.

* *

The best seller of yesterday is very hard to sell to the second-hand book-dealer to-day.

* *

If it is true that newspapers cater to the tastes of the people, then civilization must have become barbaric.

* *

Evening dress may be the uniform of civilization, but there is a great need of civilization outside of it and in spite of it.

* *

Just remember when you dream of a high steeple that, however high it be, it must rest on the humble and lowly ground.

* *

The world's two greatest birthdays—when Jesus was born in Bethlehem; when his spirit is born in every human heart.

* *

The best of us pose as a little better than we are and do no particular harm thereby, because we deceive no one but ourselves.

* *

Some men spend a dollar's worth of their own or some one's else time trying to recover a dime which has fallen in the brook.

* *

The notion that the divinity schools put manacles on the standards is not borne out by the freedom with which the same students go forth to revolutionize the world.

Let This Be a Leader Christmas

If you give some one a subscription to the *Leader* for a Christmas present, you will be helping the receiver to be a leader in the religious life of his community. If you give your minister a subscription you will be helping him to be the leader you want him to be. If your minister is already a subscriber, and all of your friends also, if you will send us the subscription we shall be pleased to send the paper for a year to one of the many people who are almost ready to come over into our ranks. It may be that your gift will bring to the denomination another great leader. Why not make it a *Leader* Christmas?

The Job of the Church

Is no longer to be the gatekeeper to swing open and shut according to certain theological rules the gate of the heaven which is to be, but to produce in this world, to-day, in partnership with God in His divine purpose, the men who will transform this world into a kingdom of heaven. These will be the men who will speak and live the truth; who will write the truth into every paper they sign, whether it be a letter to a friend or a great commercial contract; who will pour the truth into the measure of all the goods they sell, whether stocks or sugar; who will print the truth in every word they publish; who will prescribe the truth to every patient they treat; who will make the truth the deciding factor in every decision they render in courts of law or before the bar of public opinion; and who will preach the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, in every sermon from every pulpit. One or two men of this sort will probably be overwhelmed and made martyrs, though the light of their martyrdom will illumine the world, but the Christian Church with sixty millions of members in this country should make them all over after the model of Jesus, and then it will not take long to bring the rest of humanity into line. The heathen man in Timbuctoo needs conversion and will respond sometime to our absent treatment, but the fifty-nine millions of heathen here in our churches need some present, immediate and quite radical treatment.

A New Line of Argument

Not long ago the opponents of militarism and the advocates of preparedness were arguing about cause and effect. One side declared that armaments breed war, and pointed to Germany as a horrible example of

what a nation prepared for war is likely to do. The other side maintained that unpreparedness invites attack, that it was not because Germany had a large army and navy that she began the war, but that she created a large army and navy so she could make war, and they pointed to Belgium as an example of what happens to a nation not prepared to defend itself. We hear very little of that now. It is generally agreed that no nation is likely to start a war if it is not prepared for it, and if there is no offensive war there will be no need for defense. And so the world is looking to the Conference at Washington to lessen both the burden of taxation and the probability of war. But a correspondent of the *Freeman* says the object of the Conference is to promote war. War, he argues, has become so expensive that the nations can no longer afford it, so this Conference was called for the purpose of bringing the price of war within the reach of countries of moderate means, and the more it reduces armaments the nearer it brings the next war. This letter, says the *Freeman* editorially, contains more sound sense than the editor has seen in any of the editorials and correspondence published since Nov. 12. We have read a number of ingenious attempts, editorial and otherwise, to discredit the Conference, written by gentlemen who are going to be horribly disappointed if they do not get a chance to say, "I told you so," but their pessimism has been based on the conviction that the Conference would not accomplish anything and did not intend to. The idea that if it succeeds it will fail—that is, that the limitation of armament will promote war—is a new one to us.

* *

MEN AND RELIGION

FOR years the men of the Universalist Church, like men of all Churches, left religious work largely to the women and the ministers. A man had to be prepared for more or less ridicule at the club and on the street if he revealed any serious religious interest.

Then suddenly the beast in man broke its chains, and the Church we had trusted to save us from our sins proved impotent to stay the rush of the war packs for even a single hour. Regrets are useless, remorse is vain, but as we keep green and glad, but sacred, the anniversary of the Babe of Bethlehem and the Prince of Peace, let us not dare to forget that the sign of blood on the doorposts of the world and the mourning for the first-born in ten million homes is the price we paid for flouting the One greater than Moses and the prophets who was in our midst.

We had a World War because there had never been a real Christ Mass in the world. We shall have another and another and another unless the world becomes Christian. The world will not become Christian until we make it so. This grim truth is becoming clear to men everywhere. It is not enough for us to hear the angels' song of peace and good-will ringing for a single glad anniversary hour. It is ours to make it the music of life in all the days and years to be. This year of all years we must keep Christmas in our hearts and not merely in our homes.

It ought to be clearer to the men of the Universalist Church than to any other that "making Universalism universal" is simply another way of saying that our great and insistent task is to make the pagan world that still knows only the name of Jesus the Christian world that will make room for him in every heart and home. To set ourselves any less or littler task than that is to betray him in spirit, whatever homage may be upon our lips.

* * *

THE PEACE TO END WAR

WHAT the soldiers won with their swords, the diplomats lost with their pens, has been said of every peace settlement, but never has it been said so emphatically or with less truth than of the Treaty of Versailles. Statesmen are no more to blame for the state in which we find the nations after the greatest war in all history than is public opinion, the press, our schools, or our churches, but it is far easier for us to pin the blame upon statesmen than to get at the real root of the trouble. We forget that, while statesmen are an important factor in the determination of world affairs, they are nevertheless only a factor, and that, in even partially democratic countries, "no statesman can go contrary to public opinion and remain long in power."

In all love and tenderness we should pay tribute to the sacrifice of those soldiers who gave their lives in what they believed to be "the war to end war, the war to make the world safe for democracy." But at the same time we should recognize the fact that they—that all civilization—have been wrong in believing that war ever could end war, or that war could bring about democracy. On Armistice Day, Nov. 11, all America paid tribute to an Unknown Soldier who sacrificed his all for a cause which, whether false or true, meant more to him than life itself. Out there in the Beyond, where the whole great meaning of life and death is understood, where the fame which men here prize so highly becomes as nothing, that Unknown Soldier might be willing to give up one little thing more—glory—in order that his younger brothers might be saved from the illusion that to be a soldier and to die for one's country is the way to the greatest honor in the estimation of one's fellow men.

It is a paradox that, while denouncing war and armaments, and crying "It must not be again," we fall down to worship a military hero who comes to visit us from across the sea. People throng the streets to catch one glimpse of him, churches laud him unconditionally, universities vie with each other to shower him with degrees. All honor the military genius and leadership of Marshal Foch which put an end to hostilities in 1918, by why, instead of this easy and hysteric hero worship, are we not now turning our energy and ability into channels of peace and reconstruction? War brought such untold suffering to humanity that even the victors should seek to forget their part in it and set themselves whole-heartedly to the tasks of peace.

Let us break away from the old order that hails Foch as the greatest military hero since Napoleon, and from the hypocrisy that denounces war in general and praises this or that war in particular, and get down to the business of peace, the peace that will end war.

Editorial Correspondence

TO go back a bit—for the most irresistible question of our friend in finding us anywhere out of the accustomed path, is "Well, how did you get here?" And yet farther, if the process of transition has been pleasant we would boast, and if it has been otherwise there is a natural desire to find fault. I would do neither, but retrace the path of my wanderings as I beat the procession of the seasons, and live in everlasting summer.

It is a long, long way from Boston to Miami, whether measured by the pedometer or the lead, by the thermometer or the thermos bottle, by your overcoat or your underwear. And it is bad walking some of the way, even if you are on the deck of a ship.

It was cold when we left Boston, which was gratifying—what is the use of going to a warm country unless you are going from a cold one? It was not only cold, but it was disagreeable, the kind of chill that creeps in and sets your marrow a-quiver. It was still colder in New York, with an added drizzle of rain just on the verge of snow, but not quite getting there. But we hugged our overcoat close and looked out through the chilling mist to where, twenty-four, or at most forty-eight, hours away, we should be enbraced by the arms of the fervent sun and bathed in the salubriety of the Gulf Stream. So, being compelled, we endured the shivers of an unheated ship, until, just before we started, the steam was turned on, and from then on we were comfortable.

I always like to travel by steamer, for a steamer loaded with passengers is the world under a microscope, and your "specimens" can not escape you; they are pinned right there and, no matter how much they wiggle, they can not get away.

The Lord must have snickered when He invented sea-sickness, for there is nothing funnier on the face of the earth—or the waters of the deep—to those who are not afflicted thereby. Down here in the tropics I have just had a mild touch of the "dengue fever," and the chief horror of it is that you can not die when you want to. And so it is said of those who go down to the sea in ships, their thoughts turn heavenward where, St. John has told us, there will be "no more sea." But my fever did not last very long, and the sea-sickness of the unfortunates was but a passing feast—to speak with painful literalness! But what a revelation of dispositions; what an unmasking of temperaments!

I am trying to forget those first thirty-six hours, when the sea was nasty. We were barely outside of Sandy Hook when our ship, not a large ship, became the plaything of a moderate gale, and the only thing to do, even for hardened sailors, was to imitate the conservative politician and sit tight. save when the dining-room lured some to joy and others to destruction. Then, by sliding along the walls, a method of progression much more common before the 18th amendment than now, we secured our seats, and in some cases the dinner was also secure! Everybody made a try at that first meal, but at the second there was a thinning out which made us feel lonesome.

But there came a morning when the sea was calm, and the sunshine was glorious, and the deck chairs were inhabited, and the sturdy walked the decks, and games were inaugurated in spite of the conspicuous signs to beware of professional gamblers, and then the real people began to get into focus. There were all sorts and kinds of 'em, and they were all at home and friendly without regard to race, sex or previous condition of servitude. The officers were gracious, not to say garrulous! It occurred to me what a dead easy time they have, with a new passenger list every trip, and the ordinary story good for a year at least! Of course there was the ubiquitous troupe of actors and near-actors on their way South for the winter season, and they were generous in amusing the passengers, without even taking a collection. And then there was my dear old friend who has been on every steamer I ever traveled on, who had been wherever we were going and knew all about it and was willing to tell

The Happy Prince

SINCE ever time began men have dreamed of the perfect ruler, some happy prince who shall love his people well, whose power shall be gentle, wise and just. History is wistful with the effort of men to find a hero strong with the gentleness of true gianthood, and then to establish him in dominion over their broken lives and warring wills. Long ago they found him; but all who find him lose him, though all have found him fair. The eager dream came true when from the little town of Bethlehem there came the Man of Good-will, the lover of the race. Each year, for a brief day, so swift to go, Lord Christ rules over us. Each year we give him Christmas Day, permitting his will to prevail, and his brooding spirit to rest upon the nations.

Towards that gentle interlude — the Day of the Truce of God — we look forward longingly, and when it is ended we look back lovingly to the time when we were good together. His spirit breathes through its hours, like faint music in the night. Strife, anger, tumult, and the hurry of the little days are forgotten. In his authority there is peace. A while we dwell in his kingdom. Touched with mortality, as is all earthly beauty, the day of Christ is gone while the welcome is still on our lips. He comes and he passes, because we are troubled about many things. If his dominion over the hearts of men were more than a lovely episode — if he might abide — it would be well with us, and pity and joy would walk the common ways of man.—*Joseph Fort Newton.*

all he knew, and quite a good deal he did not know. In this case he was a Florida encyclopedia; he knew the West Coast from the East and had been as far South as "Ojus," and Ojus was the coming metropolis of the state. He had bought a lot there and he advised that no time be wasted in any other part of the continent. There were among us some from foreign lands who could not speak English, and some of our fellow citizens, alas, who could not either! But what of it? We were a happy family bound for the land of endless summer, where the weary-willies cease from troubling and the millionaires find rest.

And we were out of sight of land, on the bosom of the chiefest of God's majesties. Of course we knew there was land just beyond our horizon to the westward, but the water of the ocean was just as deep and just as blue and just as beautiful and just as treacherous as ever I had looked upon in the middle of the Atlantic. And it was more full of springing life, for when you get too far from shore there is no life to see save very occasionally a wandering whale, while here there came right aboard the ship one day a Carolina dove, which had been blown off shore, and so weary was he that he settled confidently into the hand of one who loves birds, and whom the birds know. And around the bow of the steamer there were constantly schools of porpoises and dolphins playing, as it seemed to us, but more than likely in pursuit of smaller fish, and then there would burst from the crest of a wave a whole flock of silver-scaled flying fish, flitting from wave to wave, flashing in the sunlight.

And then there were the gulls. There are as many kinds of gulls as there are of people; perhaps the only marked difference is that the gull as we see him in flight or resting on the wave, unlike the human man, is always graceful, whether darting like an arrow for a bit of food on the surface of the sea, or floating like a phantom of a dream into and out of the arc of your vision, or following the boat with tireless persistence and so far as we can see with no purpose unless it be the hope that sometime there may come to his watchful eye the sign of a cafeteria!

But, after all, the most wonderful thing about the ocean is the ocean itself; all these living things at which we gaze with interest are but parasites. This magnificent living thing whose throbbing life reaches from America to Europe, and then some, is a never closed moving picture "registering" every human emotion, and for the open mind and sensitive heart there is no need of the auxiliaries. To sit on the deck beneath the awning when the sun is warm and glowing, or, as the night comes on, to watch the great round moon swing up in the east in balance with the disappearing sun in the west, is to know a bigger life and feel a part of it as we never can among the static realities of the earth.

While we watch the beauties all about us there suddenly glows to the west a shining light, disappearing and returning with clock-like regularity, and there is Florida; though hundreds of miles from our landing, yet that lighthouse marks Florida, the summer land of our hope.

But it is a long, long way to Miami, and my space is filled, and there is nothing for it but to continue to rock on the bosom of the deep until next week.

F. A. B.

Tokyo Notes

The Rev. Samuel Gilbert Ayres, D. D.

OUR American friends will be glad to know of the safe arrival of Mr. Kawabata in Japan. He landed in Yokohama on Friday, Sept. 30, at 11.45 p. m. It was in the midst of a driving rain storm, but this in no wise dampened the ardor of your missionaries in extending to him a hearty welcome home. The boat was so late in docking that the welcoming party (which also included Mr. Terasawa, the acting pastor at the Central Church, and Ichii-san, head kindergartner at the Blackmer Home) were compelled to camp in the Yokohama station until five a. m. The after-effects may be easily imagined, but drowsiness and colds have both disappeared at this writing and every member of the party is ready to go through a like experience again to greet a new worker to our forces in Japan.

On Sunday, Oct. 2, at the Central Church, a service of greeting was held for Mr. Kawabata. The writer spoke on behalf of the Council, pledging every possible assistance to Mr. Kawabata in his plans and work. Mr. Nakana spoke for the board of trustees and the church, expressing joy upon the return of their pastor and the willingness of all to assist him in whatever he undertook. Mr. Terasawa also spoke briefly. Mr. Kawabata responded, telling of his satisfaction in being home once more to greet his friends and resume his work. He had learned some things in America, he said, which he hoped to introduce into his work in Tokyo. At the close of the service Mr. Kawabata was greeted by those present. Though the day was stormy a good congregation was on hand.

On the following Tuesday Mr. Kawabata was entertained by the older women of the church at the Blackmer Home. The same evening he left for his native place near Kyoto, where he visited his parents and friends. On Sunday, Oct. 16, he preached at our mission in Nagoya, and in the evening occupied the pulpit in Shizuoka.

Oct. 17 was a red-letter day in the history of the mission, for at that time the new missionary's house was formally opened. It was a perfect day, and the church people responded in large number to the invitation which they had received. Mr. Kawabata was the guest of honor. The committee in charge had arranged a fine program of music, Japanese dancing, a short play, motion songs and an interesting and laughable game. The writer told the story of the houses of the kind American friends who had made it possible, and of the generous contributors who had provided the money for the furnishings. He spoke of the purpose which he and Mrs. Ayres had in view in planning it and expressed the hope that this open-

ing with its large number of assembled friends was to be typical of many of a similar character.

Mr. Kawabata received the greetings from the special representatives of the auxiliary societies of the church. They were given in a happy vein and elicited much applause. To these Mr. Kawabata responded at length, setting forth some of his plans, and expressing the hope that his ideal of a church in which the democratic spirit would be pre-eminent, might be realized.

One feature ought not to be overlooked in this account—the large cake baked especially for the occasion. Across its center was the word "Welcome." It was brought in and set before Mr. Kawabata. He was given a knife and told to cut it so that every one present could have a piece. He performed his task well, and, though he declared it was his first attempt, a veteran could have done it no better.

The guests were given an opportunity to look over the house from cellar to attic. To quite a few it was a novel experience to see an American bath or bedroom. The ladies naturally were greatly interested in the kitchen, and the cellar seemed to be utterly beyond the experience of every man. The opening and reception were announced from two to five, but these hours were completely obliterated. Many were present before two and not one left until after six. It was a happy afternoon, and ought to result in much good for our cause in Tokyo.

Everything is running smoothly on the regular schedule at the Central Church. We have had much rainy weather, but congregations have averaged well. Our week day meetings show an increase over those of last year. I am giving at present a series of Tuesday evening addresses on "The Jesus of History." They will continue until Christmas.

We shall try out some new things this winter, but I shall have to write of these later.

The Papers of John Pererin

XII The Advent Paradox

They all were waiting for a King
To slay their foes and lift them high,
Thou cam'st a little baby thing
That made a woman cry.

AND though we have had that strange spectacle before us for nearly twenty hundred years, we have not yet seen the point of it. For when men speak—as many men have spoken in these latter days—of the "second" coming, they think of the Son of Man as a king, coming in all the pomp and display of secular royalty. But, unless God has radically changed His own nature, the one thing we may be quite sure of is that if the Son of Man comes, he will come as he came before—in great humility, no king, but a servant, no emperor, but just a man among men.

This fallacy persists because our minds are still in the toils of worldly wisdom; we think and speak in the idiom of worldliness; and we do not understand that the Gospel was God's contradiction of all our worldly values and ways of life. Jesus was the challenge God threw in the face of old deeply-entrenched civilizations, and there was no conventional judgment which Jesus did not discard or deny. Into a world which worships greatness, he came in the weakness of a little child. In a world which is dazzled by pomp and glitter, he was laid in a manger, neighbor to the cattle. In a world which was drunken with power, he chose to be a servant. In a world in which men paid respect to riches, he had not where to lay his head. And in a world which cherished respectability, he died on a criminal's gibbet. All the way and all the time, he opposed what he believed to be God's way to the world's way, the truth of God to the wisdom of the wise.

And yet in all this he was only living out the simple, unsophisticated logic of a pure manhood. Just as he came into the world "a little baby thing," without pomp or circumstance, so also he lived, compromising or obscuring his essential humanity by none of the things which we in our folly mistake for the real good of life. Would you know what a man's life should be like—stripped of all poses and affectations, delivered from the false lures that degrade and dehumanize us, reduced to the pure unspoiled essence of the thing—then turn to the Gospels and you shall see; and by the same token you shall learn how far short we come of being men. Prof. L. P. Jacks in one of his sketches makes a certain character give utterance to the view that Jesus was God in so far as he did what was not expected and man in so far as he did what was. But this is fallacious. In so far as Jesus did and said surprising things and unexpected things, it was because he was man—man of pure and unspoiled manhood; and we find these things surprising and unexpected because we are something less than men.

Yet there is an element of unexpectedness in him that springs from another source, from the very genius of life itself. We have been in the habit of thinking of God in terms of law, and of supposing that His operations are governed by an ironclad routine. In the world of inanimate matter this is true, so true that we can predict the moment of high tide, or the exact second of a solar eclipse for centuries ahead. We can tell beforehand the precise result of bringing two chemical substances together, and so forth. But the moment you enter into the realm of life, you pass from the realm of the predictable into the realm of the unpredictable. The whole trend of modern biology is toward a view which makes it impossible to speak of laws. You can never be sure what life will do next, when or where it will break out in new forms. It is the realm of the unexpected; and that is simply to say that it is a realm of freedom. From which I infer that God has not tied His hands and that He is as free as you and I are free. The God of life is a God of surprises. You can never tell what He will do next; the only thing you can be sure of is that, whatever He does, He does it in pursuit of His infinite purpose of love.

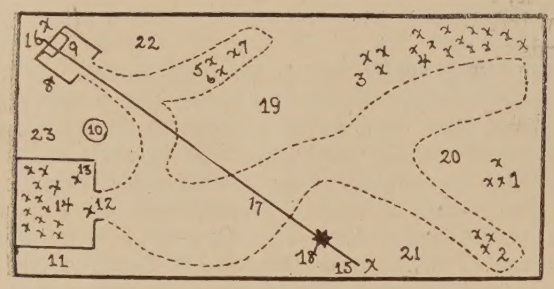
That is why Jesus says that the Son of Man comes "in an hour ye know not." There are some people who think that they know better; they can tell you just when he is going to come; and if they are not quite sure of the day, they are quite sure it will be one of these days. They take to the book of Daniel and the book of Revelation not common sense and intelligence but a curious kind of mathematics; and though this sort of prediction has been made and falsified again and again, these good foolish people still keep up the old foolish game. "In an hour ye know not," yes, and in a manner ye know not, and from a direction ye know not, and in a garb that ye know not; and it is going to take all our wit to recognize this Son of Man when he comes. He came once and men did not recognize him; I see no reason to suppose that *we* should do any better. In any case the moral is perfectly plain—*Be ye also ready*, with your lamps burning, with your wits sharpened, with your spirits sensitive, with your eyes alert, with your feet shod, so that you may be there when he comes. For he is coming—*all the time*. He may be coming in some final way some day; but I know nothing about that. But I know that in a very real sense he comes *any day, every day*, to the ready soul, quietly, noiselessly, with an imperceptible footfall. Be ye therefore ready!

O Son of Man, to right my lot
Naught bnt thy presence can avail;
Yet on the road thy wheels are not,
Nor on the sea thy sail.
My "how" or "when" thou wilt not heed,
But come down thine own secret stair,
That thou mayest answer all my need,
Yea, every bygone prayer.

The Sand Table

Mrs. Frank Austin Alden

GOD'S CHRISTMAS PRESENT TO US ALL



1. Three Wise Men.
2. Three camels.
3. Three Shepherds.
4. Twelve sheep.
5. Mary.
6. Joseph.
7. Donkey.
8. Stable.
9. Manger.
10. Well.
11. Inn.
12. Inn Keeper.
13. Inn Keeper's Wife.
14. Twelve People.
15, 16. Poles (sticks or knitting needles 12 inches long).
17. String (between poles).
18. Star (hanging on string).
19-23. Grass.

WHAT do we receive on Christmas Day? Yes. That's it. Presents. And we give presents too, don't we? And it always makes us very happy to give presents to those we love and to receive presents from those who love us.

To-day we are going to study about a Christmas present that came from heaven, a gift that God, our Heavenly Father, gave to us all.

A great many years ago a large number of people came to a town called Bethlehem. There was a law that these people should go to the town where their fathers had lived and pay a tax. Now among these people came a man and a woman whose names were Joseph and Mary. Mary was Joseph's wife. Here are Joseph and Mary. (Point to dolls representing them.) Of course there are a great many other people who had to go to Bethlehem at the same time. And it happened that these other folks traveled faster and reached the inn (point to inn) ahead of Joseph and Mary. (Point out group of dolls gathered at the inn.)

Now when we go to a strange city, that is one where we are not living, we have to go to a hotel. We have to have some place where we can get something to eat and a place to sleep. Well, that is just what Joseph and Mary did. (Move dolls on journey and to inn.) But they didn't call it a hotel in that day. They called it an inn. And now, when Joseph and Mary reach the inn, what do you think, these other people had taken all the rooms. There wasn't a single room left. You see there was such a crowd and the others got there first. So the man who had charge of the inn told them the only place he had for them was in the stable. (Point to stable.)

Now Joseph and Mary had traveled a great many miles and they were very tired, so they were glad to get any place where they could rest. So they go out into the back-yard and to the stable for the night. See, here they go. (Move dolls representing Joseph and Mary to the stable.)

Now they are nicely settled for the night. But what do you suppose happened that night? Well, I'll tell you. God sent Joseph and Mary a dear little baby boy. That little baby boy was God's Christmas present to Joseph and Mary. And he was such a wonderful baby that when he grew up he did a great deal for everybody. Then people called him the "Christ," and our "Christmas" is named after him. So you see he was God's Christmas present to us also. And so we call this night on which he was born the first Christmas. Now, look, here is this little baby that God gave to Joseph and Mary and to us. (Lift roof off of stable, showing tiny doll lying, wrapped, in little manger.)

Can you see what the baby is lying in? You see Mary didn't have any cradle there, such as we have for babies, so they used this manger. Now a manger

is a large box from which the cattle eat their food. Don't you think that Joseph and Mary were very happy to have this dear little baby?

Now we want to talk a little while about these three men. (Point to dol's representing shepherds.) They are out here in the field. What do you suppose they are doing? The Bible says they are "keeping watch over their flocks by night." What does that mean? They were watching and taking care of the sheep and we call men "shepherds" that do that. Now remember it is night. And it is dark. But it is clear and the stars are twinkling in the sky as the sheep lie so quietly, not afraid of anything because they know the shepherds will take care of them.

Well, the shepherds are watching and talking quietly together and all of a sudden, what do you think they saw? Why, there was a wonderful, bright light right near them and in the light stood an angel. See. (Place doll representing angel near shepherds, yourself.)

The shepherds were just a little frightened. Don't you think you would have been frightened? Yes. I guess we all would have been. But the angel knew just how they felt and right away he told them not to be afraid, for he was there to bring them good news. And what do you suppose he told them? Why he told them about that dear little baby boy that God had sent as a present to Mary and Joseph over in the stable in the city of Bethlehem. And he told them this baby was going to grow up to make the whole world glad and better and brighter and happier.

Well, I guess the shepherds were glad to hear tha good news, don't you think they were? Then the angel said that if they wanted to they could go to Bethlehem and that they would find the little baby lying in a manger. Then the shepherds heard some wonderful music. And there were a whole lot of angels there and they were singing the first Christmas song. Now listen, this is what they sang: "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace and good will among men." (Have children repeat these words after you.)

Now if you had heard from the angels about a baby like that you would want to go right away and see him. Yes, indeed you would. And that is just the way the shepherds felt. And so as soon as the angel disappeared, they said: "Let us go to Bethlehem and see if this is true." So they started right away to see if they could find the baby that the angel told them about. See, they are going now. (Have three children move the shepherd dolls to the stable.) Here they are now. Now they are going in. (Have children move dolls into the stable.) And don't you think that Mary and Joseph were glad to hear about the angel and the singing and the story told the shepherds? Yes, they were. And they show the little baby lying in the manger just as the angel said they would find him. Then the shepherds went back to their flocks (have the dolls moved back), and whenever they saw anybody else they told them all about this wonderful baby, just the same as we tell folks about things we see and hear.

Now we want to talk about these three men over here. (Point to dolls representing the Wise Men.) I want to tell you about them also. They are called the Wise Men. They had studied very hard and they knew such a lot. Well, they had studied the stars a great deal. They were studying the stars on this same night. And on this same night, what do you think, they saw a star that was brighter than any other they could see. It was a new star to them. They had never seen that star before. They didn't have any name for it. They wondered what it could be and what it meant. Each one asked the others about it. But none of them had any answer or could give any reason for such a star brighter than all the rest. (Point to star at end of string farthest from stable.)

So they watched very carefully because they were so much interested in the star. And as they watched, what do you think, that star seemed to move. (Move star on string a little, yourself.) And at once they started to follow it. (Move star slowly and have children start dolls along.) But the Wise Men think maybe this will be a long journey, so they take their camels with them. (Have other children move camels along with dolls. Keep this up until the star is over the stable.) Now, see, the star has stopped moving. Here they are at last. But what have they come for? They go all around the inn and can't find anything to account for the star. Then they see a light in the stable, for there Mary and Joseph are watching this new baby boy and talking in whispers about the shepherds and the story of the angels that they have just heard. The Wise Men come in (move dolls in), and they find the baby and they hear about the shepherds and the angels. Then they know what the star means. And they named it "The Star of Bethlehem."

Then the Wise Men went out to their camels and undid the packs on their backs and brought beautiful presents, "gold, frankincense, and myrrh," and left them with Mary and Joseph for this wonderful baby boy. This is the story of the baby Jesus. And every year we celebrate his birth at Christmas.

He was our Christmas present from God, our Heavenly Father, many years ago. So every Christmas we sing the song that the shepherds heard that night: "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace and good-will among men." And al of us who are wise follow the Star of Bethlehem and learn of Jesus how to live our lives as God, our Heavenly Father, wants us to live them.

* * *

KINGS AND STARS

As they came from the East
Following a star,

One said:
The sun burns
And the moon changes,
But stars are faithful.

One said:
They shine in all tongues,
Everywhere.
By starlight there are no borders.

One said:
The world widens
By starlight,
And the mind reaches;
Stars beget journeys.

John Erskine in the Nation.

PARABLES OF SAFED THE SAGE

A Parable of Waiting without Watching

I WAS about to travel, and I went to them that sell Tickets and bought a Ticket and a Lower Berth. And the Number of the Berth was Eight, in Car 294. And when the day arrived, I boarded the Train, and found my Space, and sat me down. And the Train was Very Full.

And there came a Red Cap bearing baggage, and he was followed by a Lady. And she stood in the Aisle and said, My berth is Lower Eight in Car 294.

And I said, There hath been some Mix-up, and the Ticket man may have Crossed his Wires. Sit thou here until the Conductor comes, and he will straighten things out.

And she took the seat without any Thanks to me, and dismissed both me and the Red Cap with equal solicitude for our future well-being, save that she tipped the Red Cap.

And I went where men smoke, and I sat where they sit, though I smoke not.

And when the Conductor came through, I said, There is a woman who seemeth to have a Ticket for the same space. If it be so, give it to her, and do for me the best thou canst.

And he said, I would there were no Ticket Agents, for I have a sad Mix-up through their carelessness. Yea, the diagram showeth not a Lower nor even an Upper Berth, and I have a long waiting list.

And I said, I know not how thou wilt adjust it, but I have faith in thee, even as in the Old Woman who Lived in the Shoe. Do for me what thou canst and meantime I am not Worried.

And when I said that he thanked me, and he said, That is the way to take it; for many people do act as if the fault were mine. And now, behold, thou shalt have a berth if I have to make one on the pilot of the Locomotive.

So I sat with the men for a long time, and learned much from their conversation. But the Conductor came not to me for a long time.

And the men inquired of me, saying, Hadst thou not a Lower? And wherefore didst thou give it up?

And I answered, I gave it up for a woman, who, knowing herself to be man's superior, desireth also to be man's equal.

And they said, That kind of dame may sit up for all of me.

For she had not appeared to consider that I had on the face of the returns as good a right to the space as she, and in addition the precious lega power of Possession.

But I worried not.

And shortly before Bed-time the Conductor came, and said, I have waited until the very end of the day, for I desired to do something for thee; and I had not even an upper. But now, behold, a party who had a ticketh hath failed to Show Up, and I have for thee a Lower.

Therefore do I commend to men not only the wisdom of Watchful Waiting, but sometimes the policy of Waiting without Watching.

For all the time that I waited, my train was going straight toward the place for which my ticket read; and at the end of the day there was rest.

Wherefore, beloved, be not too fretful in things temporal or spiritual; for this well-filled train of human life is in competent hands, and there shall be for every man who waiteth and trusteth, progress through the day, and rest when the night falleth.

* * *

GOD BLESS US EVERY ONE

"God bless us every one!" prayed Tiny Tim,
Crippled and dwarfed of body, yet so tall
Of soul, we tiptoe earth to look on him,
High towering over all.

He loved the loveless world, nor dreamed indeed
That it, at best, could give to him, the while,
But pitying glances, when his only need
Was but a cheery smile.

And this he prayed, "God bless us every one!"—
Enfolding all the creeds within the span
Of his child-heart; and so, despising none,
Was nearer saint than man.

I like to fancy God, in Paradise,
Lifting a finger o'er the rhythmic swing
Of chiming harp and song, with eager eyes
Turned earthward, listening—

The Anthem stilled—the Angels leaning there
Above the golden walls—the morning sun
Of Christmas bursting flower-like with the prayer,
"God bless us every one!"

James Whitcomb Riley.

* * *

THE CHURCH PROBLEM IN AMERICA

The Rev. Willard C. Selleck, D. D.

THE suggestion of Mr. Herbert F. Gunnison, published in a recent issue of the *Universalist Leader*, deserves more than a passing notice. As a good business man and a good Christian, he sees the great practical problem which confronts the American people at the present time. Three outstanding features of that problem are immediately apparent. First, the whole country needs, as never before, the full voltage of moral power latent in religion turned on to its social machinery to do the prodigious work of making the American nation what every right-minded man wants it to be—reverent, clean, honest, healthy, prosperous, harmonious and happy. Second, the Christian Church, especially in Protestantism, is divided and sub-divided to the point of weakness, inefficiency, and almost exhaustion. Third, in nearly all the denominational bodies there is a marked dearth of ministers, and despite the appeals for recruits the outlook is not bright.

What shall be done? The situation is difficult, and yet, broadly considered, it is simple enough. The country has too many churches and too few ministers, while there is more lay talent available for constructive work than ever before in the nation's history. A proper consolidation of churches would release thousands of capable and consecrated ministers, and the stronger churches resulting could do so large and important a work as to command the support and participation of a host of the finest men and women of the land. The whole thing is "as plain as a pikestaff." Yet who is doing anything about it?

Twenty years ago I thought the solution of this problem might be found in the federation of the churches. But that promise has been only meagerly fulfilled, and the method does not now seem adequate. Meanwhile the World War and its vast aftermath of unrest, sorrow and suffering have aggravated the whole situation.

Mr. Gunnison thinks that the Universalist Church, being truly liberal and progressive, should take the lead in a new movement toward a solution of this very great problem. But he does not show how. I wish he would point out more specifically the steps to be taken. Denominational authorities, as a rule, fight shy of church consolidation; our own communion is a small one, with only a few churches that can be called conspicuous and powerful; how then can we persuade other communions to join us in the enormous undertaking which the exigency calls for?

I have sometimes wished that we could make a beginning in this direction by working for a merging of the Universalist, Unitarian, Congregational and Liberal Quaker bodies, and I can see some immense advantages which would surely accrue from such a union. But the signs are less auspicious for it to-day than they seemed ten years ago, as nearly as I can judge. Yet America needs the consolidation of its Protestant forces and the utmost measure of efficient service which they can render. Must Protestantism be forever incapable of organizing itself for such efficiency? Who will answer by showing us the way?

Riverside, California.

* * *

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

James W. Vallentyne

DEC. 25—REVIEW AND CHRISTMAS

Taking a Man's Measure

A man's measure is not determined by a single factor. Many forces make up the situation that determines how big a man shall be. Among these forces the individual himself is a very important one.

A man has not always much to do with fixing the limits of his growth but he has much to do with the public knowledge of those limits. In other words, the public is not taking men's measure so much as it is recording the measurements that men give out as their own.

A man has three dimensions, height, width and quality. How high up, how broad and how competent, are the questions men ask when they seek an appraisal, and the individual's own conduct gives the answers.

Paul might easily have won leadership in public affairs. He was prepared by natural endowments, by education and by his citizenship to lead men. He might have figured in government. He could have been a teacher of the public in political economy, in economics and in social justice. He might have organized his race for a great campaign for political equity and freedom.

That Paul did not undertake any of these possibilities was due to the fact that he knew of deeper causes and more basic forces in human movements.

The kingdom of life is within. Evolutions and revolutions are internal. Planting ideas, kindling hopes, clarifying vision and harmonizing people with the Infinite Spirit is the way of progress. All improvement comes from within. Stimulant may come from without but life abides within. The quality of individuals determines the quality of the public.

So Paul determined to devote himself to making individuals more intelligent concerning true values. By doing this he revealed his own measure and made the largest possible contribution to himself, to his generation and to the future.

We can not imagine a life for Paul that would have produced more wealth for any interest involved. He shows the kind of choice a big man makes and the kind of bigness that follows the wise choice.

Why Does He Live?

Who is the best known Christian in history? Of the apostles only two-thirds are popularly known by name. Two or three of these are known to some extent as a result of their recorded activities and three of them left a literature that is well known. For recorded activities, for religious construction and for quantity and force of literature created, Paul exceeds them all. That is the answer to the question with which this paragraph begins.

Paul lives because of the magnitude of the service he performed. He was the great pioneer missionary. He went forth with a big unselfishness and a great purpose to bless, and gave his message of Jesus and his gospel to the willing wherever he found them. He sought out the cities where men live in great numbers and where minds are made bright and keen by the necessary frictions of close association, and proclaimed the truth as he saw it.

The fact is that men live only by their contributions. The one only method of securing a place among earth's immortals is making contribution to earth's sum of experience. If the contribution be helpful then the memory will be radiant in the measure of the benefit. Call the roll of the immortals and ask why each name is there.

Paul's name was never known because of his commercial gains or because of anything he withheld for his own benefit. He organized no contingent to exalt his name and give him a throne. He attempted no power, no acclaim, no intrenchment within strong resources.

He was a giver. He was a contributor of values. He did for others. The philosophy of the selfish is broken down by Paul's career. The fear of the earthly-minded is proved unworthy by this man's immortality.

Paul had every qualification for winning a gentleman's comfort. He chose the life of service.

A Man's Life

A life is a sacred thing to approach. There is sanctity in it because it is a part of the Infinite. No one can know the height or depth of a life. To deflect the course of a life is the most serious adventure for good or ill that one can undertake.

A man's life is the most precious life we know. How precious and how far-reaching no one can calculate.

We do not know how much life means, how much experience means, how much growth means nor how much immortality means.

We are in something of measureless measurements. We have experience but none can tell the meaning of experience. We sense what we can neither see nor hear. We have a companionship with a Presence that none can define.

Life is our greatest possession and our most compensating study. It is a great privilege to unveil the framework of a career. It is an inspiration and an education to trace the footsteps of some one who saw well and who had fellowship with the Great Light of Life.

There is no better study to pursue than to go with a good biographer over the trails of a large life. To look into man is to look into Deity. "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father." Every individual should cultivate the knowledge of lives. Every one should look deeply into the spirit and expressions of great souls.

Biography is great reading. The lives of great men carry us into oceans of inspiration and sublimity. Dr. Luke has performed a great service in giving us the biography of two of God's great sons.

Christmas

The Christmas festival is one of the great celebrations of the Christian Church. It is well that we universally commemorate the birthday of this greatest of God's sons who came in

the spirit of "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men," and who gave as the testimony of his quality that "the blind receive their sight, and the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, and the deaf hear, the dead are raised up, and the poor have the gospel preached to them."

We must go to the world in the fervor of Paul with the messages of Jesus until the whole human family can celebrate a Christmas of peace and good will and healing.

To all our Sunday schools and to all our officers and to all our teachers we wish a merry Christmas, but Universalists will be most merry when mirth is Universal.

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NOTES OF THE MORNING

Caught Through the Early Mists by a Staff Reporter

Sanity in Religious Education

We desire to impress upon the imagination of men in general the fact that no solution of the great tasks which lie before us can be adequate or effective that ignores the dynamic which is laid up for our use in the religious nature of man or dispenses with the appeal which is provided by the institutions of historic religion. . . . But for this we must find some way of acting together in peace as we acted in war, of making the things that we hold in common, faith in God, in Jesus Christ, in the meaning of the universe, in the sinfulness of sin, in the ultimate triumph of right —we must find some way in which to make these things stand out before the imagination of the American people so that place shall be made for them as an integral element in the education of the rising generation. (*William Adams Brown of Union Theological Seminary in the Journal of Religion.*)

If Not, Whose Fault Is It?

Are you doing with your life just what you want to do with it? Are you doing the work you most love to do? If you could be what you want to be, what kind of a man would you be? If you aren't doing what you want to do and if you aren't the kind of a man you want to be, why aren't you? Put the reasons down on paper and see if they don't look foolish to you. In the majority of instances a man can do what he pleases with himself. Things that get in your path are not obstacles unless you choose to regard them as obstacles. One of the great truths is that there is always a way through, over, under, or around any obstacle. You can get what you desire and in just the measure of that desire. (*Thomas Drier, in Specialty Salesman Magazine.*)

Present Verdicts May Not Be Final

There is no fundamental reason for calling any one race in this world inferior to another. If religion says that timidly sometimes, science always says it boldly and without fear of contradiction. Some races have had much better environment than others and by reason of that advantage have achieved success and accumulated powers that do not yet belong to the ignorant and depressed. But if the now backward races get a fair chance to advance, there is no reason in biology to suppose that they may not in good time evolve the highest qualities of civilized efficiency. Science therefore offers no license for holding in contempt any man on earth. With your advantages he might easily be you. And this reminder religion reinforces doubly and triply. God made the black man and the yellow man as well as the white man. (*Continent.*)

That Indefinable Something

There is a something in man simply as a human being upon this present plane of his development that every now and then flashes forth, glints, so to speak, out of the untutored roughness of him, and that sets him on a pinnacle of greatness, overlooked mostly or forgotten. Two men imprisoned in a mine are reached finally by the rescuers; but there is room for the release of only one at a time and through a narrow, uncertain, hasty opening. "You go first, Jim; you're married." What makes a plain man talk like that? The thing doesn't happen only now and then. It flowers so frequently in the columns of our daily papers that we have come to accept it as a natural, true-to-form reaction. In spite of much in human life and nature that is depressing, it would seem that when the real moment comes, the test that determines whether the stuff in men is dross or precious metal man measures up. (*Rev. J. F. Weinmann, in the Living Church.*)

Unity via Charity

We do not want a new cleavage, much less a new sociological sectarianism replacing the theological variety. Christ is larger than any of our "attitudes" or "views," and in his fellowship there is room for good men to disagree without being disagreeable, the more so if they are loyal to his name and spirit. It is time for us to seek the higher unity of things which differ and not go on in the dim half-lights "where prayers cross," lest we who follow one Lord and ought to march together, welcoming variety in unity, be like "ignorant armies that clash by night." At a time when the brotherhood of the world is broken, and civilization seems trembling on the edge of chaos, it ill becomes any group of Christian men to impugn the loyalty of another group. What we need is the influence, impact—yes, the evangelism—of a united Christianity, using all methods at its command, toiling equally in behalf of better manhood and a nobler social order. (*Christian Century.*)

The Truth That Is Dawning

St. Paul was the greatest man in history, standing nearest to the Master in character, influence and leadership in the Church. With his view of God, his system of redemption naturally follows. But with the great message of Jesus, that God is the loving and compassionate Father of all mankind, just what is the place for atonement, justification by faith or regeneration, with the context so often carried by those terms? All that the prodigal's father demanded was that his son should return with a penitent, a filial spirit. . . . All men are the children of God, His offspring. This is the truth that is dawning upon the Church. The Chinaman, the Indian and the darkest African are just as much the children of God as Luther, Calvin, or Dr. Clifford. We do not measure up to the mind, spirit and aim of Jesus until we take into our hearts and faith and hope all His children that dwell on all the face of the earth. (*The Christian Work.*)

The Saving Grace

Good and evil lie close together at the roots. There is scarcely a wrong tendency in human nature which can not be converted into a virtue; and there is scarcely a virtue which can not be perverted to an evil use. Human living is like walking a tight rope, a matter of balance. That which is a virtue in moderation may become a vice through excess. . . . A strong reason for confidence that no unscrupulous leader will ever be able to substitute a tyranny for a democracy in this land is that any attempt to assume the outward garb and pomp essential to such a movement would die before it had begun to run the gauntlet of public ridicule. It is those who have a sense of humor in church and state who save us from those who haven't. (*William Pierson Merrill, in the Continent.*)

Exploring God

God is the msot interesting being in the universe. This must be so since He is the source of all life and enfolds life completely. If there be any God at all He pervades not one-half of life, for then He would be a half-God; or nine-tenths of life, for then He would be a nine-tenths God, but He is inseparable from all life. As the writer to the Hebrews puts it, he is the One "with whom we have to do," and not only we but all our fellow creatures who have lived or will live on this planet. . . . That inrush of the life of God when the Holy Spirit was first shed abroad meant as much for the twentieth century and America as it meant for the first century and for Judea and Galilee. . . . God is just the same. Jesus tried hard to make his disciples understand that they would be better off when they saw him no more. More than the equivalent of his visible presence became their possession and ours and that of all his disciples to the end of time. The Christian Church, as Dr. Glover says, whatever its creed or ritual, consists of those "who have been captured by Christ for the long life of exploration of God." (*The Congregationalist.*)

Home and Children

FRIENDLY POETRY

The poems to be printed in this department must meet the following test. They must have sympathy, understanding and, above all, faith.

MY CHRISTMAS GUEST

I shall not hear the angels sing
As long ago they sang;
I shall not hear their trumpets ring
As long ago they rang;
But silently as snowflakes fall
Into the silent sea,
The Lord of angels, and of all,
Will come this day to me!

The star I shall not see with awe,
That blazed when he was born,
Nor see him as the angels saw
On that first Christmas morn;
But he will come, divinely fair,
Love-lighted and love-led,
My heart the lowly manger where
He deigns to lay his head.

I shall not hear the angels sing
As when at first he came;
Celestial trumpets will not ring
The music of his name;
Ne signs and wonders as of old
This day will set apart,
But what more wondrous than to hold
The Word within my heart!

Denis A. McCarthy.

RITA'S SURPRISE

THE day before Christmas is a strange time to be unhappy, yet Rita Reynolds was almost in tears. With every turn of the screw the big steamer was carrying her and her parents to far-off South America. That very night they would anchor, and an hour after landing they would be on their way to the gigantic mountain where Uncle Ted Morrow lived.

Rita loved her uncle, and she liked to travel. The reason she was sad was because of something that she had learned that morning.

"Do they have open fireplaces in South America?" she asked her mother.

"Oh, no," was the answer. "That country is so warm that people spend most of the time in their gardens. There are roses all the year round."

Rita was silent for a while. Then she asked, "What kind of trees shall we see? Of course there'll be spruce and pine and hemlock?"

"Not evergreens," her mother said, laughing. "You will find trees that you have never seen before; cocoanut and other palm trees and whole groves of orange trees. Think of that!"

Rita did not smile. What were oranges, palm trees and roses all the year round compared with a real Night-before-Christmas? Without fireplaces, how could stockings be hung by the chimney? Without evergreen trees, how could there be a Christmas tree? She turned away without a word.

It would never do to spoil her mother's trip, and so she tried to keep her mind off twinkling candles, strings of pop corn, and knobby stockings hung beside a big fireplace. But every time she shut her eyes she saw them.

"I don't think I shall like South America," she said to herself.

When they walked down the gangplank that evening there stood Uncle Ted, waving his hand. In the crook of one arm he held a branch of an orange tree.

Up, up, they went in the train, over mountains and through clouds, until Rita wondered if her Uncle Ted's home were on a star.

When they reached the house at last she was very sleepy, but not too sleepy to see that, as her mother had said, there were no fireplaces; the air was warm and fragrant instead of being crisp and cold and scented with spicy cedar and hot wax and other fine Christmassy smells.

She could not help giving one or two sorrowful sniffs into her pillow after she went to bed; then she fell fast asleep.

The next morning she was wakened by the sound of Christmas greetings. Presently Uncle Ted burst into her room dressed in a bathrobe and a paper cap and blowing a bright horn.

"Put on your bathrobe and come out, Rita!" she heard her mother call. "Don't dress."

Something in the happy voice made Rita's heart bound with hope. Perhaps it was going to be a real Christmas, after all. Uncle Ted tossed her to his shoulder, and away they went.

To Rita's surprise he did not stop in the sitting room, but kept on toward the front door. It seemed queer indeed to be going outdoors in a bathrobe Christmas morning. She was more astonished than ever when she found that the door led out to a wide-paved court full of palms and flower beds. In one corner there was a splashing fountain, and roses were everywhere.

But the sight that made Rita cry out with joy was a Christmas tree—a real Christmas tree standing there in the midst of all those flowers! It looked as if it had been there always.

Instead of candles red, yellow and pink roses were tied here and there. Strips of candy wrapped in silver paper took the place of pop corn; mysterious white parcels tied with red ribbon took the place of ornaments. There was a golden star at the very top, and all the dark branches were sprinkled with tufts of cotton that looked like powdered snow.

"Snow on roses doesn't sound very real, but it looks all right," said Uncle Ted.

Rita was almost crying with delight.

"But I thought mother said there wouldn't be evergreen trees in South America!" she cried.

Uncle Ted laughed. "Sometimes we change things, down here, to suit North Americans," he said. "That tree came straight from the United States, roots and all—and just in time."

"I'm almost too happy to take the presents off," sighed Rita. "But anyway let's begin."—*Ethel Bowen White, in Youth's Companion.*

The Christ Candle

ONE winter evening, four children were walking home from school together. It was after sunset and the Evening Star was sinking in the western skies. It was the dearest night of all the year; it was Christmas Eve.

Pierre, the miller's son, walked very fast, kicking the loose snow with his feet and talking loudly of all the grand things he was going to do.

Marcel, the rich farmer Renee's only child, kept by Pierre's side; Margot, the innkeeper's daughter, walked with him. A little behind was Louise, the child of a poor woodcutter, who lived in a lonely hut on a side path.

"You should see my candle," boasted Pierre. "It is almost a foot high and it will burn all night. If the Christ Child passes our way, it will surely light his steps."

"Mine is not so large," said Marcel, "but it is of the best wax and will burn well. It is a clear, glowing red."

"Aunt Margot sent me mine from Paris," said the young Margot. "It is a lovely sky-blue and decorated with tiny golden stars. There was never such a candle seen about here."

"Have you, then, no candle?" Pierre asked Louise kindly, noting the silence of the little girl.

"My father said he would bring a candle home to me, if he was paid for his work to-night," replied the little Louise timidly.

"Let us hope he will," said Pierre. "It is to the honor of our village that no house shall be dark when our dear little Lord passes by."

Just then they reached the inn, and Margot shouted "Good-night," as she ran up the steps. A little beyond Pierre turned into the road that led to his father's farm-house.

Marcel kept along with Louise a few moments, then his bright window gleamed like an eye of welcome.

Little Louise was now alone, but she was not afraid. When the wayside cross was reached, she dropped on her knees for a moment. "Dear God," she prayed, "let father have his money to-night and I my candle. Do not let the darling Christ Child find it dark when he passes our cottage."

Not far beyond was the side path leading to her home. In a few moments she was kissing her mother and looking up eagerly into the face of her father.

"I was not paid, my darling," he began sadly, "the master had gone to the city and forgotten. There will be no Christmas goose for us, my Heart of Gold, only potatoes roasted in the ashes. But this is not all. As I was turning to leave the room, I stepped on something. It was this wee candle that had dropped from the bundle that was to

light the tree for the housekeeper's children. I handed it back, but she said, 'No, take it home to your Louise, and here is a Christmas cake for her. It is a shame the master should have forgotten, and on Christmas Eve.' "

"I asked God to send it," cried Louise, clapping her hands. "He never forgets to hear me."

After the supper was eaten, the father took Louise on his lap and told her the stories of the Christmastide. Louise loved best of all the tale of the dear Christ Child who always came walking through the town in the hush of the midnight hour.

"He stops at each house and lifts his baby hand in blessing for every child who sleeps therein," went on the earnest voice. "When he sees the glow of the little candle, he knows that some child in love has set it there."

The prayers were said, the hymn sung. Then Louise lighted her Christmas candle and placed it in the window.

"Shine far—far, little light!" she whispered, "guide the darling Christ Child."

Very soon after this the little family was fast asleep.

Outside in the forest a poor woman was wandering. She held her baby wrapped in an old blanket, tightly clasped in her aching arms. She had been to the hospital to see her sick husband, and on the way back was overtaken by the night and the storm.

As the first flakes came down she walked faster and faster, but the path seemed strange. She had taken a wrong turning and lost her way.

The winter wind sang a wild song in the branches of the tall, black fir tree, then tore at her thin garments. The mother shivered but pushed on resolutely, holding her baby closer. The storm grew wilder until she could scarcely trace her way through the white whirling flakes.

"God help me," she cried, as a sleepiness stole over her. More than all else she wanted to lie down by the way and rest, but she knew that sleep would be the Sleep of Death.

So she struggled on, and just as she felt she could take not even one step more, she saw before her a tiny point of light.

"Just a few more steps, dear God," she pleaded, and in a moment she fell against a house door and her baby gave one startled cry.

Louise was awakened by the cry and ran to her father's bed. "Wake up, father," she cried, "the Christ Child is without, asking to be let in."

Her father leaped from his bed, and opened the door. He lifted the silent form and carried it to the fire, where the mother was already piling the fagots. They chafed the cold hands that still held the baby closely. At last the mother opened her eyes, and at that moment the little baby laughed.

"I saw the blessed candle—and it led me," said the mother, faintly. "It has saved me, and my baby too."

Louise looked on in wonder, a great sadness in her heart.

Had not the Christ Child come, after all?

Her father read that look and said gently: "Be glad, my Louise. We have indeed entertained the Holy Child this night. Did not our dear Lord say, 'He who receives one of these little ones in my name receiveth me'?"—*Kate Louise Brown, in the Beacon.*

* * *

ROOM FOR CHRIST

The Little Jesus came to town;
The wind blew up, the wind blew down;
Out in the street the wind was bold;
Now who would house him from the cold?

Then opened wide a stable door,
Fair were the rushes on the floor;
The Ox put forth a horned head;
"Come, little Lord, here make thy bed."

Up rose the sheep were folded near;
"Thou Lamb of God, come, enter here."
He entered there to rush and reed,
Who was the Lamb of God indeed.

The Little Jesus came to town;
With ox and sheep he laid him down;
Peace to the byre, peace to the fold,
For that they housed him from the cold!

Lizette Woodwort Reese.

Some Worth-while Books

Any Book Published For Sale by the Universalist Publishing House

Japan and the United States. 1853-1921. By Payson J. Treat. $2.00.

The author of this book, which, with the exception of the first chapter, consists of lectures prepared for delivery at four leading Japanese universities in the fall of 1921, is professor of history at Leland Stanford University and has specialized in Oriental history and affairs. He writes of the growth of Japan since Commodore Perry's time and from his intimate knowledge of Oriental diplomacy gives us a simple, clearly informing presentation of the American-Japanese question which to-day is puzzling diplomats and plain citizens alike. It is most timely in view of the conference at Washington, and Professor Treat hopes that it may "help the readers on both sides of the Pacific to understand the point of view of their neighbors."

The making of wars must cease—that is America's message to the world!

The Seer of Slabsides. By Dallas Lore Sharp. Frontispiece. 75 cents.

Of all the younger nature writers, John Burroughs most trusted and admired this author, whose amplified *Atlantic* essay is not a critical appraisal, but a loving appreciation.

"Take John Burroughs' work as a whole and it is beyond dispute the most complete, the most revealing, of all our outdoor literature. His pages lie open like the surface of a pond, sensitive to every wind, or calm as the sky, holding the clouds and the distant blue, and the dragon-fly, stiff-winged, and pinned to the golden knob of a spatter-dock . . . He was a wholly human man; and an utterly simple man; and so true to himself that his last words, uttered on the speeding train, expressed and completed his whole life with singular beauty: 'How far are we from home?' he asked,—and the light failed; and the train sped on as if there were need of hurry now!

"'Serene, I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for wind, nor tide, nor sea,
I rave no more 'gainst Time or Fate,
For lo! my own shall come to me.'"

The Other Susan. By Jennette Lee. $1.75.

Susan Claiborne's garden "was like a soul to her, and it seemed to come to consciousness when she sat like this with her hands folded in her lap and watched it. . . shapes emerged, and half-guessed fragrance and something out there that gathered and held them all as darkness came on."

Jason Galbraith made the garden for Susan, whom he loves and who loves him; but she is the wife of Matthew and mother of Tom, Reuben and Esther, while he is married to Alice—a dream from which he soon awoke.

The story of these two brave, high-minded and patient souls, as it goes on through years of devotion to duty and forgetfulness of self to final happiness, is typical of New England.

Songs of the Cowboys. By N. Howard ("Jack") Thorp. Cloth $1.65, leather $2.50.

Mr. Thorp, a well-known character of Santa Fe, New Mexico, is an old-time cow-puncher and cattleman as well as a poet with a gift for story-telling. In this volume he has included, besides many of his own poems, a unique collection of genuine cowboy songs, mostly taken down from the lips of ballad-singers in his wanderings through the Southwest.

The poems have a wide range and "talk of many things," as witness two examples, the concluding lines of "Chuck-Time on the Round-Up:"

You who linger long and listen to the things you like to hear
In the swell cafes in cities that to you are always dear,
May think that I am partial to the "cowboy" and his "grub,"
But I've dined at all those cafes and was fed once at a club,
And I've come to this conclusion, and right here I want to say,
When you eat at "Cafe Doughy's" you feel all right next day,
For here is "Doughy's" record, and beat it if you can—
He's cooked for us for twenty years and never lost a man.

and the last stanza of "A Cowboy's Prayer:"

"Forgive me, Lord, if sometimes I forget.
You know about the reasons that are hid.
You understand the things that gall and fret;
Why, You know me better than my mother did!
Just keep an eye on all that's done and said,
Just right me sometimes when I turn aside,
And lead me on that long dim trail ahead
That stretches upward toward the Great Divide."

The Wasted Generation. By Owen Johnson. $2.00.

"The man who will dare arraign himself before the pitiless bar of his own judgment will leave an immortal book."

But this is not the immortal book. It sets forth, plainly enough, the story of David Littledale, of Littledale, Connecticut, whose great-grandfather was one of the founders of the nation, and of his father, mother, brothers—"Big Dale, Little Dale, Tiny Dale, and Rossie, no Dale at all"—and Molly, the flower of the flock.

David's first sweetheart is Jenny Barnett; then he falls in love with Anne Brinsmade; next, in Paris, he is trapped by Letty de Tingueville, who afterward marries his brother Ben; during the war he is sent home on furlough, and on the voyage meets Bernoline, the great love of his life, whose tragedy makes her refuse to marry him; and finally we see him turning toward Anne with increasing love and admiration.

The book is written in the form of a diary and contains Mr. Johnson's opinions as to American present-day conditions and many other questions—the novelists seem to be trying their hand as preachers, perhaps thinking to relieve the shortage!

Success. By Samuel Hopkins Adams. $2.00.

"The lonely station of Manzanita stood out, sharp and unsightly, in the keen February sunlight. . . . A single, straggling trail squirmed its way into the woodland. One might have surmised that it was winding hopefully, if blindly, toward the noble mountain peak shimmering in white splendor, mystic and wonderful, sixty miles away, but seeming in that lucent air to be brooding closely over all the varied loveliness below."

Errol Banneker is the station-agent, and a wreck on the railroad gives him opportunity, introduces him to people of prominence, brings into his life Irene Welland, and discloses his ability to write.

Soon after, "Ban" goes to New York, becomes a journalist, rises rapidly, and achieves what the world calls success, but is caught in a web cunningly woven by the unscrupulous Marrineal and sees his success crumble and his every hope swept away. In agony of soul he goes back to Manzanita and begins a new career founded on a rock; and happiness is his portion.

"Experience has shining wings and eyes that can look to the future as well as the past, and immortal Hope for a lover. And only they two can guide to the Mountains of Fulfillment."

First Down, Kentucky! By Ralph D. Paine. $1.75.

The author of "The Fighting Fleets" is equally at home on the gridiron, and tells us how three Texas boys, "Bo" McMurray, Len Garretson and "Red" Mercer, go to Center College, Kentucky, and make a name for the college and themselves in football.

"Bo" is a most engaging hero, and wins friends wherever he is—Fayette Caldwell, a young attorney who is influential in sending the trio to college and whose little son finds in the boy a buddy after his own heart, Colonel Shelby, a white-haired Kentuckian of the old school, and Mike Brennan of the Navy. Even Nancy Overton confesses to a liking for him!

"Bo" goes across in a destroyer, becomes quartermaster, and is wounded, so that he expects to be lame; but surgery makes him whole again, and he returns to play on the team, leading it in the famous game with Harvard, followed by a Blue Grass

celebration in Boston which proves especially happy for the captain.

Tangled Trails. By William MacLeod Raine. $1.75.

A group of people accustomed to "tasting" books were reading from advance sheets this detective story with a Western flavor, and one, impatient at finding another hopeful clue end in nothing, suddenly exclaimed, "But who killed the uncle?"

Kirby Lane, a young Wyoming cattleman, comes to Denver on unpleasant business with his millionaire uncle, James Cunningham, and is horrified to find him murdered in his home. In the hour preceding the discovery ten persons have been in the apartment, and each is suspected, Kirby first of all; but he turns Sherlock Holmes, and at a dramatic moment discloses to a gathering of the suspects the identity of "X."

Incidentally there is a love story, and "the road lay clear before them after many tangled trails."

Peggy in Her Blue Frock. By Eliza Orne White. Frontispiece. $1.50.

Peggy's father was killed in France when the Germans shelled the hospital where he was working. So Mrs. Owen and Peggy and Alice move to a small house just out of the town, where Mrs. Owen adds to her income by a vegetable garden and preserves.

Peggy is such a dynamo of energy that her frocks suffer, and her mother resorts to some stuff found at the village store, which "wears like nails," so that Peggy usually appears in blue.

It is hard to see another doctor in their house, but the Carters are very pleasant people, and the two families become dear friends; and Lady Jane Grey, the cat, chooses to stay with Diana Carter, who is just the right age to be a companion for Peggy and Alice. They have many good times, and Peggy originates a most unique surprise birthday party for her mother, which is a great success.

A Tale of Two Cities. By Charles Dickens. Illustrated by Harvey Dunn. $3.50.

A rich setting for this classic, with thirteen brilliant paintings of the scenes described by that master-mind repreduced in color plates, including the title-page and jacket. We wish it might attract the youngsters to a general reading of that wonderful story-teller.

The Gay Cockade. By Temple Bailey. Frontispiece. $2.00.

This charming group of stories is like a bouquet from which each reader can select the posy best liked, and makes a most acceptable gift.

The title story is of a young man who wore his youth like a gay cockade until he became famous; The Hidden Land is of a pretty girl and a modern Viking; Petronella illustrates the old saying that where there's a will there's a way; Sandwich Jane is the story of a fine, self-reliant woman and a man unequally yoked with a movie actress; Lady Crusoe tells how loneliness and unhappiness turned into lasting joy; A Rebellious Grandmother shows us how beautiful happenings come when we are our real selves; Wait for Prince Charming brings home a truth and ends happily; and Beggars on Horseback is not only a love-story but the heroine's confession of her pathetic reason for reading Dickens.

Plum Pudding. By Christopher Morley. Illustrated. $1.75.

The delightfully old-fashioned title page tells us that this pudding is "Of divers Ingredients, Discreetly Blended & Seasoned," and the very sound of it whets our appetites.

We may not be the Perfect Reader to whom Mr. Morley addresses his first paper, as a tribute to slip into the stocking on Christmas Eve, but we can "put in our thumb and pull out a plum" whenever we like. For instance, The Club for Abandoned Husbands, a dialogue between Ajax and Socrates concerning the plight of husbands when the family is at the seashore "and the lonely apartment, with all the blinds pulled down and nothing in the icebox, is a dismal haunt." Socrates makes a brilliant suggestion of a club with "truly domestic atmosphere," and working out the details makes him so homesick that he goes back to write a letter to "dear Xanthippe!"

The Puritan Twins. By Lucy Fitch Perkins. Illustrated, picture jacket. $1.75.

The twins who make their bow this year just had to be Puritans, so here are Nancy and Daniel Pepperell, come to tell us of themselves and the doings in 1638.

They are twelve years old, and live near "the little village of Cambridge . . . where the Charles River flowed lazily to the sea." To begin with, they are rescued from drowning by Captain Sanders of the sloop Lucy Ann, on which good ship Dan and his father later go to Plymouth and are entertained at Governor Bradford's. Dan is told to mind his manners, and does so with such success that he is held up as an example, which is more than he bargained for!

And there is Zebedee, the black boy, and an Indian raid, and a new house with a secret room which proved its value, and finally a Thanksgiving dinner which the Captain pronounced "fit to be et by the angels and most too good for a sinner like him."

Caleb Cottontail. By Harrison Cady. Illustrated, picture jacket. $1.25.

Caleb Cottontail was a tiny rabbit, and he lived in The Green Tree, an apartment house with lightning bugs for lights and wheat-straw speaking tubes and cold storage rooms for nuts and acorns, and a frog janitor, Mr. Tipman Green. The Cottontails owned it, and Grandmother Cottontail had the first-floor front, where each month the tenants came with their rent, were shown the album of family portraits, and served with sweet checkerberry cakes and honey dew. And what do you suppose the rent was? "An acorn or so." My, my, what fun!

Grandmother had the misfortune to lose her lovely tail, and was so unhappy that she refused to see anybody; so Little Caleb went on a journey to find some cotton for another, to make Grandmother happy again. That makes the story, and the pictures tell it too,—you'll love them.

Dangerous Ages. By Rose Macaulay. $2.00.

"All ages are dangerous to all people in this dangerous life we live."

With this cement Rose Macaulay, whose ways are past finding out, has bound together the mosaic of her latest novel, composed of bits of everything from Bolshevism to marriage, which Gerda pronounces "so Victorian . . . like antimacassars."

Most of the characters are related by blood or law, or going to be, like Fanny Squeers; and whether of the twenties or the eighties, or between, each is madly pursuing some fad or mania. Mrs. Hilary's is psycho-analysis, and twice a week she casts her burden upon—no, not the Lord, but the doctor.

In conclusion, Pamela says, "I certainly don't see quite what all the fuss is about." No more do we!

Little Miss Melody. By Marian Keith. Picture jacket. $1.90.

"Every family in Cherry Hill, except the Kellys, who had too many children, and the Murphys who had too many pigs, lived in a riot of flowers from the first crocus of April to the last aster of October."

Into this Ontario village comes Hugh Balfour, a theological student, to take the duties of the Rev. John Meldrum, who is to spend a winter in California for his health. He is received at the Manse by Mrs. Meldrum and Janet, Kirsty Macleod, "not a servant, but the manager of us all," and also by the Ladies' Aid, and wins everybody, especially Janet, who at once puts him on the "Tasty Bits" shelf of her friends—a borrowing from Kirsty's pantry, which boasts three shelves, "Tasty Bits," "Stand-Bys," and "Pickin's and Leavin's."

Janet's greatest desire is to sing; but her musical ear is not yet developed, so that the result of her efforts is a raucous monotone, and she has to be in a dialogue instead of the anniversary choir, to her bitter disappointment. But Mr. Balfour comforts her by telling her that she can be a silent singer and make melody in her heart unto the Lord—which is the key to her life—and he calls her Jenny Melody.

The months go by quickly and happily until John Meldrum returns, bronzed and well, and Hugh Balfour goes to the front as chaplain, with the blessings of all at Cherry Hill.

Young People's Christian Union

DIRECTOR'S DATES

Dec. 18. Caribou, Me.
Dec. 19. Oakfield, Me.
Dec. 20. Portland, Me., All Souls.
Dec. 31-Jan. 1. All New England Get-together, Cambridge, Mass.

* *

A MINISTER WHO KNOWS

There has recently come to my desk from a minister who lives several hundred miles from the Hub of the Universe a letter which shows that he is one of those that fighteth, "not as one that beateth the air." He has taken careful stock of the possibilities of his parish, and is working to develop them. What he has done with reference to young people's activities, he has doubtless done with other departments of his parish work. His letter begins:

"Instead of going in to the Ministers' Meeting at 359 this morning, I think I will write you concerning the possibilities of the Y. P. C. U. here. The general situation is probably no different from hundreds of other parishes in our Church. But you may be interested in a definite and specific study of a particular instance. In the families on my parish list are some twenty-two young people of the age ordinarily appealed to by the Y. P. C. U. (Here follows a table showing those of each age up to twenty.)

"Of these twenty-two, fourteen come from families that never attend church, and six from families that only occasionally attend church. Nine never, or only rarely, attend Sunday school. Sixteen never, or only occasionally, attend church. You can realize, therefore, that we have been working with very indifferent and untrained material. Twelve only have been, or are, members of the Sunday school. Of these twelve, two are movie fiends, go every Sunday night with their parents. One is a regular usher at the movies. One is of foreign birth, and has no associates in the American families. One has a mother who will not permit her daughter to go out in the evening. Several come from homes where parents have no interest in the church. Therefore, out of the twenty-two of right age, and out of twelve in the Sunday school, we have been able to get only six to join the Union. Above this age we have only three young people who are at all interested in the Y. P. C. U. Counting myself, we have only ten actual members in our Union."

Some Observations

The first thing that one notices in this survey is the very large number of families and individuals who rarely or never attend church. It is quite evident that the lack of interest in the church and the Union on the part of the young people goes back, as it usually does, to the older generation. Even granting the impossible, that these older people have reached the point where they do not need the church for their own good, there ought to be a recognition of the need of their sons and daughters for that element in training and character development which the church alone can give. This is doubtless an extreme instance, but every word spoken not in just criticism but in contempt of the church, every time that social engagements or other pleasures are made to appear more important than the church and its work, every careless and unintended neglect of the church, undermines its influence upon the young men and women in the families and churches concerned. One's actions and inactions reach out far beyond his own life: when one goes to church he adds one more reason for others to go; every time he stays away he makes it more difficult for others to attend. We are members one of another.

Another thing one notices is that there is one foreigner among the young people of this parish "who has no associates in the American families." There may be good reason for this in the specific instance, but in all too many cases the stranger within the gate is allowed to remain a stranger, simply because he came from a foreign land, whose customs are somewhat different from ours. The way to prove that one believes in the universal brotherhood of man is not to make high profession of brotherhood with some one who is a few thousand miles away, but to treat in brotherly fashion the one who lives next door, or sits in the next pew.

Lastly, and of a very different sort, there is the difficulty presented in the case of one young lady whose "mother will not permit her daughter to go out in the evening." Now parental restraint and government are good, and in most American homes we need rather more of these than we have, but when it goes to the point of prohibition that includes the good along with the bad and the indifferent, that restraint is defeating its own purpose. There comes a time when every young person begins to stand on his own feet and live his own life; he is no longer a child, and though he has not yet attained the maturity of judgment that will come later, the time is past when he can be controlled by mere authority. There may be exceptions, but the rule is that this treatment results in one of two things: either smouldering rebellion that will sooner or later come to the surface, or a weakness of character that is a permanent injury to the soul. One young man of my acquaintance had practically never decided anything for himself; his mother had made all important decisions for him. The result was that his friends said he did not ask the young lady who is now his wife to marry him until his mother had told him to do so.

Parental Responsibility

What is the conclusion of the whole matter? The success or failure of young people's work in the church, both in Y. P. C. U. and Sunday school, depends in large measure upon the parents. There are not a few Unions, and Sunday schools, that do excellent work without that co-operation, by the sheer force of their own strength and enthusiasm, which are great enough to attract and hold the young people in spite of home influences. But every one of these could do better work with that help and support from the homes.

What can the parents do? The first and most important thing is to show, by example rather than by word, a real interest in the work of the church. Young people naturally assume that to be important, in business, in politics, in education, in religion, which the older members of the family treat as of value. They will ask why, and insist upon an answer, but they will be prejudiced in favor of these things, whether they be good or bad.

And the second thing is to recognize that these young people are no longer boys and girls, but young men and women who have a right to exercise a certain and increasing amount of freedom of judgment. Loving and sympathetic supervision is still necessary, but the continuation of the control used during childhood is as bad as the complete relaxation of that control. You can not raise a strong and healthy plant by keeping it in a hot house; neither will sudden exposure to a cold and rigorous climate after early care and nurture do anything but injure it. It is said that the supreme task of the teacher is to make himself unnecessary to his pupils; it is also the supreme task of parents to make themselves unnecessary to their children, but it can not be done in a moment. It is more difficult to wisely relinquish control than to continue it, but it is necessary to the strength of character in the youth.

And the church, especially through the young people's societies, is organized to aid greatly in this transition, for it will help to develop that inner control by mind, heart and conscience, which is the only effective substitute for the external control exercised by parents during earlier years.

Stanley Manning,
Director of Young People's Work.
Boston, Dec. 1, 1921.

* *

For the Quiet Hour

A sunbeam passes through pollution unpolluted.

Eusebius.

He that hath light within his own clear breast
May sit in the center, and enjoy bright day;
But he that hides a dark soul, and foul thoughts,
Benighted walks under the midday sun:
Himself is his own dungeon.

John Milton.

The W. N. M. A.

Conducted by Mrs. Ethel M. Allen, 185 West Ninth Ave., Columbus, Ohio

THE BURDENS OF JAPAN

(Concluded)

(Enter Spirit of Christianity dressed in white, carrying a golden cross.)

Leader: To solve all your problems, what way have *you* found?

Japan: My statesmen are clever. In plans they abound.

With craft and diplomacy, secret treaties and wiles,
Greater army and navy, and millions of miles
Of commerce and trade o'er the face of the earth,
With increased manufacture. We need fear no dearth
Of women to work, for we've more than we need.
China's coal and her iron will meet all our greed.
We'll grant civil rule to the lands that demand it,
And, slowly, more votes to the people. We've planned it.
Our schools and our colleges *now* are the best.
We'll keep on improving and never will rest
Till Shinto is pure and morality teaches,
And Emperor-worship each foreigner reaches.
Bushido will guard me, for each Sunrise man
Will count it a glory to die for Japan.

Spirit: Let me answer, please.

Ah, Japan, Japan, how often would I have gathered you unto myself and you would not. Know you not that adroit diplomacy, craft, cunning, and secret treaties but lead to suspicion and ill-will among nations, large armies and navies and *all force*, to aggression, war, and finally to destruction, as they did in Germany? Civil administration will never atone for unjust possession. Suffrage for your women and for all classes of men must come, but at first it will be an added burden, until your autocratic government yields to democracy. Again, however you may extend your national education, it is almost sure to remain materialistic as it is now, and more and more of your students will commit suicide, even as so many of them do at the present time, finding in the philosophy and lives of their instructors no lasting hope or joy. Moreover, you are planning no higher education for your women. Until they cease to be merely polite keepers of the household, and become companions to their husbands, thus doing away with the pernicious practise among your men of resorting to geisha-girls for their female entertainment and companionship, your social life must be rotten to the core. Finally, the growth of democracy, of critical science and increasing intercourse with the West will go hard with the fictions that attach to emperor-worship. Your people will some day learn that your Mikado is no more divine than his subjects, and they will not always obey, blindly and implicitly, as they do now, the commands of their ruler and his five elder statesmen, simply because they command. Your people will some day learn, like the citizens of other nations, to think and act for themselves, even in the face of so-called divine authority. Place not too much reliance upon Bushido, that over-stressed devotion to Japan, for not only in your country, but all over the world, do patriots gladly lay down their lives for their nation.

As for morality, Shinto, your national religion will never accomplish it, for, even divested of all immoral rites and ceremonies, the worship of many gods and of ancestors inculcates only a reverence for the past, not a hope for the future. The answer to Japan's need, the hope, Japan, for your future, the solution of your problems, the lifter of burdens from your people, is Jesus Christ and he alone. Only the marvelous spirit of human brotherhood and fellow-service which he imparts can carry you safely through the conflict of nations of which you are the center. His gentleness and tact alone can make you not simply tolerated but approved by whatever people it may be your lot to protect and guide. Through his spirit alone can harmonious relations be established in Japan or anywhere else between employer and employed. The tides of race-prejudice which are set against you and which flow out from you, will recede only through the influence of him in whom is neither Jew nor Gentile, Greek nor Barbarian, but all are one. Finally, it is through the teachings of Jesus alone that women may come to her own place of dignity and honor which she must attain as the first step toward eradicating the foul immorality that pollutes your country, and toward setting up the Christian home which is your basic necessity. In Christ, Japan, you will find yourself. In him you will become a thousand times more remarkable a nation than you ever dreamed of being. Japan without Christ is indeed a "Yellow Peril." Japan with Christ would be indeed a golden hope for all the world. Come, Japan, let me lead you to him who is the only way to the Father.

(Spirit takes Japan by the hand and leads her off platform, while the leader continues the lesson.)

Sunday School Search Lights

The address of the General Sunday School Association of the Universalist Church is 359 Boylston Street, Boston. Mass.

GOOD MUSIC FOR GOOD SCHOOLS

Stella Marek Cushing

Have you a musical director in your church school? It's fine to have one if he or she has a personality pleasing to children.

Some one should be responsible for choosing hymns, who knows something about music.

Arlington, Mass.

* *

A TRIBUTE TO MR. HEMPEL

While rejoicing at the splendid opportunity for service that has come to Carl Hempel, with the Lynn Universalist church, one can not help but have keen regrets that he is to leave town. His departure will be a distinct loss to North Attleboro.

He represented the very best type of citizenship. He is a Christian gentleman, always courteous and accommodating. His main thought in life appeared to be to serve his fellow men, and he was always happiest when doing some one a good turn or aiding the troubled and unfortunate. No call of town, church or humanity passed unheeded. He was always ready to do his part.

Men of the type and character of Carl Hempel are few in number in any community. And unfortunately they are not appreciated by the large majority until the time comes when they depart for other fields. We come to look upon the service they give so freely and generously as a matter of course and it is appreciated fully only when the service ends.

North Attleboro will miss Carl Hempel, a native son, and he will leave for his new work with the best wishes of every man, woman and child in this community.—*North Attleboro Chronicle.*

* *

ENTERTAINMENT EXCHANGE

Who knows about a jolly social or a first-rate play? Who else would like to? Miss Morgan, at the headquarters of the General Association, has had much experience about such matters and she hopes to be helpful to the schools. She asks that friends having suggestions send them in. And to those desiring advice, she will be ready to pass along what wisdom she has and what she can gain.

* *

DOLLS FOR MISS BRIDGES

Miss Althea Bridges would like some rag dolls, dolls with pretty faces and attractive clothes. It will be remembered that Miss Bridges is a Universalist in Japan, though not officially connected with our mission. No doubt some of our workers will be happy to assist her in her efforts for the little maids of Japan. Her address is 63 Zaimokucho, Azabu ku, Tokyo, Japan, in care of Mr. K. Hirooka.

Among Our Churches

New York City Letter

Marion Holly Memorial. — On Friday n . Dec. 2. in ogf a torrential rain, a goodly company gathered at the Divine Paternity to honor themselves in a service held in memory of a Universalist saint, Miss Marion W. Holly. Dr. Newton presided. Dr. Frank Oliver Hall, friend and pastor of Miss Holly for many years, gave a tribute that echoed in words the knowledge of the many friends of the gracious woman. He pictured the fifty-five years of continuous, unbroken work in the Mission, the spirit of youth that refused to grow old, her wonderful ministry to the boys and girls of the East Side, the dynamic influence of a Christ-like life. Dr. Hall declared that the best memorial of Miss Holly would not be a window or a monument, but the maintenance and development of the work to which she gave fifty-five years of her life. Mr. Louis Annin Ames spoke of two incidents that illustrated the spell and influence of Miss Holley's life—a leading merchant of the city paying a testimony of abiding regard for the work of the blessed woman, and of a lawyer who declared that Miss Holly's influence saved his life. Mr. Ames appealed for the enlargement of the Mission work. * * **Divine Paternity.**—The Y. P. C. U. has adopted as part of its work the serving of informal tea immediately after the Sunday vesper service. An invitation is always given from the pulpit, and the ushers especially urge strangers to attend. Although an innovation, it has proved successful in the "getting acquainted" way. In November the trustees gave a reception to Mr. Andrews, the beloved organist of the church, and the members of the quartette. It was largely attended. Music, refreshments, dancing added to the pleasure of the evening. * * **Chapin Home.**—At the annual meeting the following named trustees were elected for three years: Mrs. C. F. Waterbury, Mrs. H. E. Fox, Mrs. A. A. Frank, Miss H. E. Miller, Mrs. H. S. Hull, Mrs. R. S. Darling, Mrs. F. E. Briggs, Mrs. W. H. Childs, Mrs. O. F. Taussig, Mrs. J. Beveridge. For two years, Mrs. L. A. Whitney was elected; for one year Mrs. H. P. McGregor. The officers for the coming year are: Mrs. H. E. Fox, honorary president; Mrs. R. S. Darling, president; Mrs. E. E. Mapes, Miss H. E. Miller and Mrs. Solon Palmer, vice-presidents; Mrs. C. L. Stickney, recording secretary; Mrs. C. F. Waterbury, corresponding secretary; Mrs. E. Bunzl, treasurer. A tribute was paid Mrs. James L. Lockwood who served the Chapin Home with rare faithfulness for twenty-six years. She was a woman of business capacity, and with pronounced loyalty and devotion cooperated in the development of the Home. As one who knew her well expressed his personal judgment, so are Mrs. Lockwood's friends ready to affirm: "She has left us a fragrant memory, and a stimulating example." In November the preachers at the Home were Dr. Bartlett and Dr. Theodore A. Fischer. In December the Rev. B. F. Saxon of New York City will preach, and on Christmas Day the speakers will be members of the Metropolitan Y. P. C. U. * * **Metropolitan Alliance.**—The Metropolitan Women's Alliance met Dec. 9 in the Church of the Redeemer, Newark. The speaker was Dr. Warren P. Coon and the subject "Americanism in Action." Mrs. Charles W. Beardsley was chairman of the day. * * **Good Tidings.**—The Rev. B. B. Gibbs began his pastorate Dec. 4 with a full attendance of the faithful. The evening services will be resumed Dec. 18 when Mr. Gibbs finally removes from Plymouth. * * **All Souls.**—Dr. Bartlett's evening lectures are attracting large congregations. This church has found a substitute for the annual fair. On Thursday evening, Dec. 1, the Cortelyou Club was thronged (about 1400 people were present) at the performance of a parish play, "Nothing But the Truth." It was a large social and financial success. * * **Our Father.**—The Christmas jollification will be held Dec. 21, and will be inclusive of the parish. The emphasis in this church is placed upon "togetherness." At the Union Thanksgiving service in the Classon Avenue Presbyterian Church, the preacher was the minister of the Church of Our Father.

Thomas Edward Potterton.

Iowa Letter

Des Moines.—The State Unitarian Association met here Oct. 17-19, when L. V. Harpel of Boone gave greetings for the Iowa Universalists. * * **Boone.**—The Rev. Robert Garner preached here the last Sunday in September. The Mid-West Superintendent, the Rev. L. R. Robinson, was here Nov. 20. With the help of the Rev. L. O. Black, Boone is having regular services again and hopes to unite with Webster City in a circuit soon. * * **Webster City.**—The Rev. Laura B. Galer supplied this pulpit Nov. 20, and the Mid-West Superintendent was here recently. This church showed its appreciation of its departing pastor, the Rev. Harry F. Shook, by presenting him with a substantial offering. * * **Mitchellville.**—Rally Day was a big event. Two children were christened. All Iowa churches were represented by their pastors at Detroit. Mitchellville had the largest delegation. A Christmas Fair, Dec. 3, and Christmas Party for the Sunday school workers with supper and tree Dec. 24, are among the Christmas events. The Japan offering was the largest for many years, if not the largest ever taken here. Our church united with other churches Thanksgiving. * * **Nevada.**—The Rev. W. P. Payne died here Oct. 21 at the age of ninety, leaving a wife and a son, W. O. Payne, editor of the *Iowa Forum*. Mr. Payne has not been in our active ministry of late years, but attended our State Conventions and enjoyed our fellowship. * * **Sioux City.**—The National Federation of Religious Liberals held their Convention here Dec. 10-12 by invitation of the Unitarians and Universalists of Iowa. Hon. R. S. Galer, president of the General Convention, the Rev. C. W. Reese, secretary of the Western Unitarian Conference, and Dr. A. W. Vernon of Northfield, Minn., were among the speakers.

O. G. Colegrove.

Connecticut Letter

Although more than a month has passed since the Detroit Convention, pleasant and inspiring memories still linger. Connecticut was not largely represented at the Convention. Three of our parishes had delegates present—Bridgeport, Danbury and New Haven. Bridgeport had six representatives, Danbury and New Haven two each. Connecticut according to the printed statistical list distributed by the Women's Missionary Association at the Convention had the largest average membership per Mission Circle of any state. This pleases but does not satisfy our church people I am sure. We aim to do even better as we feel certain all the other states mean to do, too. * * With Christmas only a few weeks away, no doubt the Sunday schools in the state are busy making plans to send in the largest Christmas offering for Armenia ever sent in by them. The need is great and urgent. * * Dr. J. C. Adams of Hartford delivered a most helpful address to a gathering of New Haven Church members on Nov. 17. * * Drs. Reifsnider and Fischer exchanged pulpits on Sunday, Nov. 27. Dr. Fischer preached at the Chapin Home at the afternoon service, Sunday, Nov. 27. * * The Stamford parish is sending out to its people a little monthly publication called the "Parish Messenger." In this way it hopes to keep

in touch with its constituency. Dr. Reifsnider on Nov. 13 began a series of Sunday afternoon meetings. The open forum plan will be followed. * * The Meriden parish again showed its kindness and generosity when the Rev. Henry B. Taylor returned to his pastorate on Oct. 18. A prominent member lent her large car and driver for a journey exceeding 300 miles that the ministerial family might come home as comfortably as possible. Meanwhile the handsome parsonage had been made "shipshape" under the skilled hands of the Woman's Circle, the larder was full of good things to eat and the house was filled with the perfume of flowers in every room. Mr. Tayler, while still on crutches, began his pulpit work Nov. 6. Gifts by the Meriden church for relief of the unemployed were the largest per capita of any organization in the city. The minister was one of the committee of five appointed to organize the campaign last June. Rev. H. B. Taylor, at the primary on Nov. 15, was nominated for membership on the Board of Education. Without interfering in any way with church activities St. Paul's in Meriden is now "home" for most of the Masonic bodies of the city. Congregations and finances show improvement over last year for this season. * * The Mid-year Conference was held in Meriden on Nov. 9. The dlsagreeable weather conditions probably kept the attendance down, but the meetings were most helpful. The generous hospitality of the entertaining parish and the splendid addresses of the speakers made this a most successful conference.

Theodore A. Fischer.

Church News and Interests

CHURCH MEMBERS REPORTED IN 1921

Previously reported	4,672
Durdin Memorial, Ga.	3
Smith Memorial, Ga.	5
Mulberry, Ga.	1
Windsor, Ga.	6
Beecher City, Ill.	3
Leroy, Ill.	1
Total	4,691

CHRISTENINGS

Previously reported, 1,124. Beecher City, Ill., 1. Total, 1,125.

PERSONAL

The address of Rev. Elmo A. Robinson hasbeen changed to Palo Alto, Cal., P. O. Box 586.

Connecticut

Bridgeport.—Rev. Hal T. Kearns, pastor. Our work is now in full swing and every department is going splendidly. The annual church fair, Dec. 7, was a great success. A new feature was the grocery store, conducted by the Men's Club. The Sunday school is using one of the new stereopticon Bible stories, put out by the G. S. S. A., on the first Sunday of each month. Our offering for the Japan Mission was the largest we have received in many years. A new feature of our program is a social and get-acquainted hour which follows our cheerful Sunday evening service. Despite adverse industrial conditions, we are keeping up our program for paying off our church mortgage. We shall make another payment on Jan. 1.

Georgia

Atlanta.—Rev. G. I. Keirn, D. D., pastor. Laymen's Sunday was very successfully observed by this church on Nov. 27. All parts of the service were taken by members of the Men's Club. The president of the club, Mr. H. C. Blake, presided, and conducted the responsive service. Mr. Wade P. Harding read the Scripture lesson and the prayer. Mr. T. C. Perkins spoke on "Religion and Business," Mr. Hamilton Douglas, Jr., on "Education and Religion," Dr. Theodore Toepel on "Religion in Health." All the addresses were well prepared and well delivered. The devotional part of the service was conducted in a becoming spirit. The audience was deeply interested from the beginning to the end. The rain came down in torrents at church time, and yet we had about the usual number in attendance. Our first Laymen's Sunday was a success.

Illinois

Leroy.—Rev. John S. Cook, D. D., pastor. The younger women have organized a Clara Barton Guild, with Hanal Keenan as president. On Dec. 9, a banquet was served to thirty men, when a chapter of the Laymen's League was organized. O. M. Phares was elected president and B. C. Barr secretary.

Sangamon.—On Dec. 5-6, Dr. J. S. Cook visited this parish, which has been dormant for some years. A business meeting had been called, and about twenty-five people attended and insisted upon a sermon. It was then determined to put the building in order by Jan. 1, and to hold services as soon as arrangements could be made.

Beecher City.—We have had three accessions to the membership of our church recently. In November we held a two weeks series of meetings, with good attendance and interest all the way through. Not being able to secure any one minister to carry the meetings through the entire course, we secured the assistance of three different ministers, besides the pastor. Rev. Ray D. Cranmer of Urbana gave two fine addresses; Mr. Laverne McDavitt, an ex-minister and a former pastor of the church, spoke two evenings; and Rev. M. M. Hicks, also a former pastor, and many times an emergency helper, spoke the last four evenings. There is a gradual increase in attendance at the regular services.

Indiana

Cunot (Cloverdale).—Rev. John R. Hand, pastor. Sunday, Nov. 20, was another big day for Cunot. In the morning Mr. Hand spoke on the text "Except ye repent ye shall all likewise perish." Doctrinal? Yes, but doctrine that the folks seemed to like, as they eagerly asked for more. The evening subject was "The Middle of the Road," a discussion on the Conference for the Limitation of Armament. The evening congregation taxed the capacity of the building. The church has voted to continue the services during the winter. Only one knowing the almost inaccessible situation of the church can appreciate the amount of faith and sacrifice necessary to make a success of winter services. But Cunot folks have the faith and are ready to sacrifice. Mr. Hand will continue the work for the present.

Maine

Norway.—Rev. C. G. Miller, pastor. After a banquet served by the members of the South Paris and Norway churches to a group of men interested in the Comrades' organization, L. L. Peck, Maine State president, and Dr. John Smith Lowe made forceful speeches. A goodly number joined the organization as a result of the meeting. The Ladies' Circle held its annual fair, Dec. 14-15.

Massachusetts

Roxbury.—Rev. Stanley G. Spear, pastor. A very successful Rainbow Bazar was held in November which netted a good sum for parish expenses. This parish sent its minister to Detroit and was represented there by two other members of the parish. The Buena Vista Chapter of the Universalist Comrades recently held a minstrel show two evenings with splendid audiences. Many baskets containing Thanksgiving dinners were sent out by the Samaritan Society of the church. The Sunday school sent an offering of money to the Home for Little Wanderers. The parish is planning a series of vesper services for the winter. Work is centering on the Christmas celebration at the present time.

Springfield, Second.—Rev. Elmer D. Colcord, pastor. The Sunday school had charge of the Thanksgiving baskets given to poor families in the city this year. Sixty people owe their Thanksgiving dinners to the Sunday school children. We greatly enjoyed a visit from Dr. Rowland, Tuesday, Nov. 15. Many people came to the pastor's house where an informal reception was held for the Mentor of Ferry Beach. We enjoyed his pithy address and expect to show it by doubling our last year's attendance at the great place Dr. Shinn founded. Dr. Rowland will always have a warm place in the hearts of Springfield Seconders. Our annual Christmas fair and bazar was held Dec. 1 and 2. The Bay Path Circle served a splendid turkey supper. The Y. P. C. U. presented with much success each evening a play entitled "As the Lamp Went Out." A feature of

the fair was the Mystery Package Auction, at which packages coming from all parts of the United States and from Tasmania, the Fiji Islands, South Africa, Germany, Spain, Czechoslovakia and Cuba, were auctioned off to the highest bidder.

Cambridge, Third.—Rev. L. R. Paige, pastor. The meeting of the Universalist Comrades on Thursday evening, Dec. 1, was addressed by Mr. Leslie L. Cleveland, principal of the Cambridge High and Latin School, who gave in an informal way an insight into some of the problems connected with the school system. Japan Sunday was observed Nov. 27 and Mr. B. Toyama, a graduate of Bowdoin College, addressed the congregation. Mr. Paige's topic was "Can Christ Save the World?" On Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 7 and 8, a most successful fair was held; many novel features were introduced. Sunday, Dec. 3, Mr. Paige took as his topic "When He Cometh," an advent Sunday sermon. Many visitors were attracted to the morning service. The Sunday school will pack a barrel of clothing for Armenia. The Sunday evening services are well attended and filling a need in this part of Cambridge. Mr. Paige was recently made an honorary member of Charity Lodge in token of the appreciation of his work for this fraternity.

Lynn.—Rev. F. W. Perkins, D. D., pastor. Mr. Carl Hempel was formally installed as director of Young People's Work in the First Universalist Church of Lynn at a notable service on Sunday morning, Dec. 4. Dr. Perkins made an address on the significance of the new office as a recognition that the work of religious education is important enough to require the time and ability of a special leader for its administration and development. Mr. Fred H. Nichols, chairman of the parish trustees, brought the official welcome of the church. Mr. Benjamin N. Johnson voiced the interest of the entire parish constituency in the new enterprise and pledged hearty co-operation to Mr. Hempel. Himself a former superintendent of the Sunday school and acquainted with the traditions of the church, he characterized the service of the day as "an epoch making event." Mr. Hempel won all hearts by a simple sincere expression of his deep interest in boys and girls and of his long-cherished desire, now to be fulfilled, to work with them on the staff of a church. After the service the large congregation filed up the aisle and gave personal greetings to Mr. and Mrs. Hempel. At the Sunday school session addresses were made by Mr. Charles Neal Barney, now of New York, a former superintendent, Mr. Edward F. Breed, a teacher, Thayer Durell, president of the Young People's Christian Union, and Mr. Hempel. Behind the much-speaking of the day was a great tide of good-feeling and of rejoicing that a courageous forward step had been taken.

New York

Central Square.—Rev. Julia M. Tobey is giving us fine helpful sermons. Every department of our church is taking on new life. Our men's brotherhood class met for a social evening at the home of one of the members recently and elected officers and made plans for work for the coming year. The members of our Ladies Social Circle are all working hard for our annual fair and supper which we hope to make a great success.

Vermont

Brattleboro.—Services were resumed after vacation, with good attendance, averaging a hundred and fifty with an unusual proportion of men. Average attendance at Sunday school one hundred. On Nov. 3 the Ladies' Circle held a successful Harvest Supper. The usual reception of the parish to the babies and their mothers was held Nov. 22, thirty-five babies being present. Refreshments of sandwiches, tea, cookies, and candy were served. Mrs. Leach took advantage of the party to enter on the Cradle Roll any who might have been omitted previously. The Y. P. C. U. reciprocated the invitation of the Winchester, N. H., Union and Winchester joined us on Nov. 20. A very helpful service was the result followed by a social hour with refreshments. The Sunday school, Ladies' Circle, Daughters' Circle, Mission Circle, Y. P. C. U., and Boy Scouts are all active. The new features are a Junior Union with Miss Ruth Sargent as superintendent, and a Church Council composed of the heads of departments. Our pastor has become temporary pastor at Hinsdale, N. H., for afternoon services. The pastor was also a delegate to the Detroit Convention. Our pastor preached the Thanksgiving sermon at Hinsdale the Sunday previous to Thanksgiving and at Brattleboro on Wednesday evening, the 23d, both being union services.

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BOSTON UNIVERSALIST CLUB

The Universalist Club of Boston, at a recent meeting, adopted resolutions expressing the high regard felt by all members of the club for Mr. Thomas H. Barnes, who died Oct. 20, 1921. Mr. Barnes was the oldest member of the club, being in his ninetieth year at the time of his death. It was voted to send a copy of the resolutions to the family of Mr. Barnes, and to the *Universalist Leader*.

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Notices

GOSPEL HYMNS WANTED

The Chapin Home asks for fifty or more copies of Gospel Hymns No. 1, 2 and 3 to be given by any society which may have them and does not use them. Many of the aged here can remember those hymns and love to sing them. Address the Chapin Home, Jamaica, N. Y.

* *

ONTARIO FELLOWSHIP COMMITTEE

The Ontario Fellowship Committee has granted transfers to Revs. Leon P. Jones and Martha G. Jones to the North Carolina Convention.

Esther Longland, Secretary.

CONNECTICUT FELLOWSHIP COMMITTEE

The Connecticut Fellowship Committee has granted a letter of transfer to Rev. W. P. Farnsworth to the fellowship of the Massachusetts Convention.

Hal T. Kearns, Secretary.

* *

OHIO FELLOWSHIP COMMITTEE

Rev. Lewis R. Lowry has been duly transferred from the fellowship of the New York Universalist Convention to the Ohio State Universalist Convention.

Sara L. Stoner, Secretary.

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GENERAL CONVENTION TRUSTEES MEETING

The next meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Universalist General Convention will be held at the Church of the Divine Paternity, NewYork, on Monday and Tuesday, Jan. 16-17, 1922. All matters for the attention of the Board should be in the hands of the Secretary not later than Jan. 10, 1922.

Roger F. Etz, Secretary,
359 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

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MAINE FELLOWSHIP COMMITTEE

Rev. Horatio G. Mann, who was dropped from fellowship upon entering secular business, has been reinstated and issued transfer to the General Convention, but that committee rules that he should be transferred to New York, as he is now living there, so we have therefore thus transferred him.

Arthur M. Soule, Secretary.

* *

NEW SUNDAY SCHOOLS WANTED

We desire to organize Sunday schools in connection with or independent of existing churches. Where even two or three can be gathered for the purpose of religious education it is possible to have a Sunday school. We are ready to help financially and in every other possible manner Write at once to

The General Sunday School Association,
359 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

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DENOMINATIONAL YEAR BOOK

By order of the Detroit Convention, the General Convention is to issue a year book which will contain a report of the Convention and matter formerly included in the *Universalist Register*. Blanks for reports are now being prepared and will soon be sent out. Any suggestions as to form and contents of such a year book will be appreciated and considered, if sent to the Secretary of the Convention., Rev. Roger F. Etz, 359 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

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Crackling

The better speech week has came and went.—*Boston Shoe and Leather Reporter.*

* *

A casual review of those who attend church persuades us that the choir in heaven will be largely soprano.—*Palatka News.*

* *

An independent oil company may be defined as one that always raises its price of gasoline to the consumer the same day the Standard does.—*Ohio State Journal.*

* *

Perhaps postal thefts were less frequent in Mr. Burleson's time because bandits got tired of waiting for the mail.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

* *

Mother (reading fairy-story): "And when they had walked a great distance they came upon a woodchopper."

Harold: "I know! It's the Kaiser!"—*The Passing Show (London).*

* *

Mother: "Willis, how is it that no matter how quiet and peaceful things are, as soon as you appear on the scene trouble begins?"

Willie: "I guess it's just a gift, mother."—*Life.*

* *

"Auto for Every 5 1-2 Persons in Los Angeles."—Headline, the *New York Sun.*

The one-half persons are pedestrians who have been run over at least once.—*Detroit Motor News.*

* *

The Irish lad and Yiddish boy were engaged in verbal combat. First one would insist that his father or mother was better than the other's. Then it was their pet bulldogs and their teachers. Finally the subject came down to respective churches.

"I guess I know that Father Harriety knows more than your Rabbi," the little Irish boy insisted.

"Sure, he does; vy not?" replied the Jew boy. "You tell him everything."—*Treat 'Em Square.*

* *

The other day Roger Babson, the statistician, sent out to his customers a leaflet entitled "Essentials of Business Success." They consisted entirely of the Ten Commandments plus the "New Commandment" given by Jesus. Among the letters of acknowledgment that soon poured in from all parts of the country was one from a Western business man whose enthusiasm could hardly be restrained. "I have never seen," he wrote, "such a fine statement of the essentials for success. Where did you get it?" That beats the famous story of the Glasgow merchants, one of whom wagered that the other could not say the Lord's Prayer; and when the man challenged began to quote, "Now I lay me down to sleep," the challenger said, "All right. Here's your money."—*Congregationalist.*

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